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MASTERS OF OLD AGE

NICHOLAS SMITH

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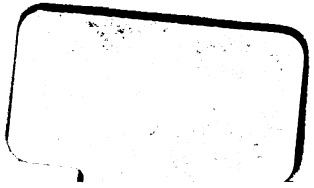
Mrs. W. P. BAYLOR



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Masters of Old Age

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Masters of Old Age

The Value of Longevity Illustrated by Partial [illegible]

BY

COLONEL NICHOLAS SMITH

Author of "Stor[illegible] Great National Songs," "Hymns Historically Famous," "Songs [illegible] the Hearts of W[illegible]" and "Our Nation's [illegible]g in History [illegible]"

It matters not how [illegible]ght the gate,
How charged with [illegible]nishment the scroll,
I am the master of my [illegible]:
I am the captain of [illegible]soul.

W. E. HENLEY.

MILWAUKEE
THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN CO.
1905

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Masters of Old Age

The Value of Longevity Illustrated by Practical Examples

BY

COLONEL NICHOLAS SMITH

Author of "Stories of Great National Songs," "Hymns Historically Famous," "Songs from the Hearts of Women," and "Our Nation's Flag in History and Incident"

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I am the captain of my soul.

W. E. HENLEY.

MILWAUKEE

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INSCRIPTION.

It is with rare pleasure that the author is privileged to inscribe this volume to

James Hulme Canfield, LL.D., Litt.D.,

LIBRARIAN OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,
NEW YORK CITY,

who writes so timely and well on *The Philosophy of Staying in Harness.* He has an impressive message for the normal man, whether old or young, which is briefly comprehended in these two paragraphs:

First, to live. Not to exist. Second, to be a man among men. Third, to do that which will endure.

All this talk of "stepping out and giving the young man a chance," is supremest folly. The young men never have "a chance" equal to the opportunity of working side by side with those in experience, in that wisdom which comes from practical trials. . . . . Counsel and action, wisdom and energy, age and youth, mixed in proper proportions, secure the finest results.

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THE PURPOSE OF THIS VOLUME.

OF books which teach young men and women how to avoid the pitfalls of life and how to succeed in business affairs, the quality is excellent and the supply adequate to the demand. Of books which suggest in a practical way how aging persons can best maintain a spirit of cheerfulness and hopefulness, and prolong useful lives, I know of none whose scope equals this volume.

To make a right start in life is of great importance. To end life well is all-important. When Paul of Tarsus was in prison for the second time in Rome, and his martyrdom only a few months off, he wrote a letter to his young friend Timothy in which he said: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Keeping the faith to the

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end is the supreme thing. It is the keynote of MASTERS OF OLD AGE.

No attempt has been made to prepare this book on a scientific plan. It is not a discussion of the contention of certain physiologists that the limit of human life should not be less than one hundred years. In a large measure it is the ever interesting story of victories over old age and physical impairment by men and women of all classes and of varied talents. It contains many personal experiences illustrating the methods by which health and usefulness may be maintained by those of advancing years. The list of persons who have achieved honorable careers at a time of life when many suppose that work and aspirations should cease, is by no means exhaustive, but it is fairly representative of a very large number of persons who understand, and put to a practical use, the true art of living.

I have no intention of advertising a "beautiful ideal" of old age, nor of presenting any fanciful theory regarding cheerfulness and fortitude in those hampered by painful bodily defects. What I fervently desire is to lay before the reader some helpful facts obtained from many individual experiences which may possibly assist others to add to their lives a com-

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fortable measure of serviceableness and enjoyment. The lesson the book teaches is that it is worth while to live in a manly and a womanly way and to be of some account to somebody in spite of age or environments.

The most valuable piece of personal property of which anyone can be possessed is the human body. In its mechanism it is the greatest of all wonders. Unless it is used properly, a healthy and happy old age is out of the question. In my purpose to place within the reach of the reader some practical helpfulness in his effort to make a right use of the body during the advancing period of life I have received valuable assistance from such eminent physicians, physiologists, and scientists as John Madison Taylor, M.D., Philadelphia; Roger Sherman Tracy, M.D., New York; and Sir Hermann Weber, M.D., London. Their contributions to the science of right living are of exceptional worth to those who are earnestly striving for good health, usefulness and joyous length of days.

It has been ordained that I should pass years in physical weakness, and with the scriptural limit of life near by I may not expect freedom from its depressing and often devitalizing effects. It is natural, therefore, that I should find inspiration in communing with the veter-

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ans in harness, and the patient and industrious invalids. Hall Caine says that the only time a book makes a man happy is when he is writing it. That sentiment appeals to me with great force. And if those who chance to read this little volume derive half as much profit therefrom as I found comfort and strength in preparing it, its publication will not be in vain.

NICHOLAS SMITH.

Milwaukee, Wis.,
June the first, 1905.

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Masters of Old Age

CHAPTER I.

"Staying in Harness."

O remain active members of society and continue to do our share of life's work is a matter of vital concern to those of us who are classed as elderly people. Of course it is not always easy to dismiss the thought that we are growing old. But by far too many persons fancy that at sixty, seventy, or eighty, development is held in check because of age, and only little can be accomplished in the physical and mental field of life.

Under normal conditions the rule prevails that there are few insurmountable obstacles to a happy utilization of mind and body during the period of old age. The practical question is not whether we can push the natural age of man to ninety or one hundred years, but whether we

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can keep our bodies so pure and active, and so preserve the integrity of our mental powers, that between fifty and ninety our place will not be in seclusion, but in some degree, at least, in the full tide of the world's activities.

Julian Hawthorne has a suggestive article in the 35th volume of *The Cosmopolitan,* entitled "Resist Gravitation," a practical interpretation of which I understand to be this: Keeping one's self in a condition of physical soundness, grasping a large hope of the future, possessing a wholesome self-confidence, and staying in harness in spite of advancing age. Men get the vulgar notion that when they are fifty or sixty they should begin to think themselves old; but in these pages are given many of the rapidly multiplying examples which prove that a man need be no older than he chooses.

In speaking of the philosophy of this matter, Mr. Hawthorne says: "The gist of it is that we should resist gravitation, moral, mental, and physical. Do not let your body sag downward, or your mind or your character. You will notice that all old persons who permit themselves to be old have bodies that are slowly being dragged downward; their thoughts, also, are heavy and slow. These tendencies may be overcome by taking thought about them:

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sit erect in your chair; when you stand, lift yourself to your full height; when you speak, let your voice possess full volume and energy. Never believe that you are a back number. Read new books (really new ones, not old ones rehashed); associate with lively people; be plucky and take your part. Gravitation, in all planes of existence, is man's enemy if he yield to it, but his best friend if he resist it. Have confidence in the possible integrity of human life, from start to finish, and it will reward you with health, strength, and felicity."

If one wants an encouraging lesson on the subject of staying in harness, he can find it in the life of Professor Theodor Mommsen, who died in Germany in November, 1903. He was one of the greatest of all the historians of Rome, and was also one of the most eminent scholars of his time. In stature he was insignificant, and his frame was surprisingly emaciated, his weight being hardly more than one hundred pounds. His physical condition seemed so frail that one might reasonably suppose that with advancing years Professor Mommsen could not resist the temptation to lay aside the hard work attending the life of a great scholar and rest upon the honors he had already won. But the little old man, whose voice was

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full of sweetness and his laugh as merry as that of a girl of sixteen, could not so close his life. Had he lived thirty days longer he would have celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday, and in the work of his last year he manifested the energy and mental power of a man in middle life.

To show how Professor Mommsen could pull in harness in his later years, the London *Telegraph* says that when he was sixty he lost his whole library through fire in his residence at Charlottenburg. Many friends feared that the blow would be too much for him. Not a bit of it! After a brief space of time he recovered his good spirit, his great energy of character helping him over every obstacle, and more than ever he seemed to embody the words of Goethe: "when a man is old he must do more than when he is young."

Mrs. Hannah B. Humphrey of Warsaw, New York, seems never to have been disturbed by the thought that when she became old she would be decrepid and useless. In 1902, at the age of ninety-five, she was an active clubwoman. She understood the philosophy of life. Emerson says "the high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born with a bias to some pursuit, which finds him in employment and happiness." Mrs. Humphrey secured this

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high prize of life. When within a few years of being a century old, she was not only busy attending to many household affairs, but in the art of embroidery she thought herself equal to any young woman in Warsaw, and her specimens exhibited at the fairs never failed to take the first premium.

Only a few days ago I read an interesting story of the life of Mr. George Ives of Fredonia, New York. On the day that he was one hundred years old some friends called at his house to congratulate him upon having attained to so great an age. They expected to find him in his home comfortably seated in an easy chair, waiting patiently for the final summons. But he was not there. They were told by the housekeeper that the old gentleman was in the field, following a harrow! Mr. Ives does not believe in the "antique morality" that when a man is seventy years old or over, "it is time for him to lay aside the things of the present life and to prepare his soul for the next." He told his visitors that he could see no reason why he should stop work because he was a hundred years old.

How not to get old in the sense that one must master the inclination to let his mind and body "sag downward," is one of the great prob-

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lems which confront people of advanced years. To win the "high prize of life" is to keep actively employed in some useful occupation to the end. This is not mere sentiment, but a practical matter. There is open to almost all aged persons an opportunity to enjoy a fair degree of health, to possess a good temper, and to engage in some helpful employment, however humble. There is a lot of sense in the saying of a French philosopher that a man should keep at his work as though immortal, even if he should know that his death would come to-morrow. And another moralist struck the key-note of a principle that should control every life—"a man who on a sinking ship does not take his pill at the prescribed moment and wind up his watch, lacks a manly quality."

Mrs. Hannah W. Truex of Caneadea, New York, has this happy idea of the duty of old age. In October, 1904, she celebrated her ninety-sixth birthday, and on that day had completed a quilt that contains nine hundred and seventy-five pieces; and during the previous year she had pieced six such quilts, which kept her hands and mind busily employed. Her living for a purpose makes Mrs. Truex a perfect type of an aged gentlewoman.

There are many fine examples which sustain

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the timely suggestion of Julian Hawthorne concerning the resistance of the gravitation of the mind and body. There is a chance for most old men and women to make their last years radiant and useful if they be not chronic victims of the vicious idea that old age is a condition to be dreaded. Complete mastication of wholesome food, exercise, fresh air, cheerful temperament, and good hours, are high-class doctors. They seldom fail to renew one's life and energy. It was only a few months since that the Hon. Preston H. Leslie, in arguing a case before the State Supreme Court of Montana, incidentally made the remark that he was entering upon the sixty-fourth year of his practice as a lawyer. He was then eighty-five years old, and seemed to be as alert and active as many attorneys far younger. In years long gone by he had been governor of Kentucky; he had also been territorial governor of Montana, and finally United States District Attorney. He had mastered the art of warding off the fate that often overtakes men of seventy or eighty years.

Up to the present time the oldest and one of the most reliable lighthouse keepers in the United States is a little, fragile woman of eighty years. Her name is Harriet E. Colfax, a cousin of Schuyler Colfax, at one time

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Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington, and Vice-President during General Grant's first term. For forty-three years this frail, but active-minded and self-reliant woman has kept the harbor light burning at Michigan City, Indiana. Her strength, in a large measure, was limited. But in illness, in winter's storms, in the blackest nights, she never failed to set in place "the blazing guide of two generations of mariners." She loves her work for the good there is in it, and also because it gives her an opportunity to spend much of the day in the open air. In the summer of 1904, Miss Colfax said she was still able to do her work and was loath to give it up; but the Government had concluded to erect a new lighthouse, far out into the lake, which only a strong man can manage, and the great, old-fashioned lamp which she had tended for forty-three years and which had been the hope of many sailors in the terrors of many storms, was soon to go out forever.

There is an old saying that youth, like the kingdom of heaven, is in the heart. This beautiful sentiment is forcibly expressed in the career of the late Mr. John McCoy of Independence, Missouri. His nephew, the Rev. John McCoy of Appleton, Wisconsin, writes

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me that his uncle was engaged in the business of banking, and lived an ideal life. He not only stayed in the harness, but possessed the happy faculty of keeping himself young as long as he lived. One of the maxims of his life was to forget himself and keep in touch with young people. When Mr. McCoy laid down the cares of life in 1904, at the age of eighty-eight, he had made the incomparable record of superintending the same Presbyterian Sunday School for fifty-six consecutive years.

In Milton's Sonnet to Cyrica Skinner, is this resolution:

> "Yet I argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
> Right onward."

These lines furnish a text on which many a good sermon could be preached relative to pulling in the harness against physical weakness as well as old age. Herbert Spencer died in December 1903, at the age of eighty-three. Indeed, he was like Paul, "an ambassador in chains," but he stayed in the harness.

Some years before *First Principles* was published in 1862, Spencer suffered a nervous breakdown. When the attack came he was hardly forty years old. He gradually sank into a condition of practical invalidism. But

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his courage and purpose failed not. He was no grumbler. He was as much of a philosopher in pain and weakness and advancing years, as he was master of the system of philosophy which made him famous. His business was to work, and he worked! Time and again his physical exhaustion was so weakening that he could dictate only a few brief paragraphs in a day, but after all his achievements were marvellous. Forty years measured his suffering, and during those forty years he built his greatest monuments to his genius.

How one can keep his mental energies on the stretch for full seventy years and yet maintain a physical condition that gives no sign of decay, is seen in the career of Sir Joseph D. Hooker of England, who recently passed his eighty-seventh year. He is probably the greatest living botanist, and some of his most interesting work has been done in Utah, Colorado, California, and the Rockies. By his wisdom and skill in keeping the physical nature on the high plane which has characterized his mentality, Sir Joseph has not been smitten by the frosts of eighty-seven winters.

Perhaps the most remarkable invalid of our time is Bishop Samuel Isaac Joseph Scher-eschewsky (pronounced Sher-e-shev-ske), born

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of Jewish parentage in Russian Lithuania, in 1831. He was educated in Russia and Germany, and on coming to the United States in 1854, he embraced Christianity, took a course of studies in theology, became an Episcopalian, and received deacon's orders in St. George's Church, New York, in 1859. He went to China in 1860, and was elected by the House of Bishops to the Missionary Episcopate of Shanghai in 1877.

No sooner had Bishop Schereschewsky begun his labors in China than he started his monumental work "which gave to three-quarters of the people of China the Bible in their own spoken language—thus doing for China what Luther did for Germany and King James' version did for the English-speaking race."

In 1883 the Bishop returned to the United States in a paralyzed and almost helpless condition. His friends supposed he was going home to die. But it was at this period that he performed his greatest achievement. Instead of dying, he cautiously, but persistently, gave all the energy his limited physical condition would allow to a revision of the entire Mandarin Bible which had been translated from the original Hebrew and Greek between 1870 and

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1881 by a committee in Pekin, under the personal supervision of the Bishop.

During his residence in the United States, which extended from 1883 to 1895, Bishop Schereschewsky began an entirely new translation of the Bible into Wenli, the classical language of China. This almost herculean task was accomplished, says Mr. W. G. Fitz Gerald in *Everybody's Magazine,* "without any Chinese scribe or assistant, and the whole stupendous script, in Roman letters, was written on a typewriter (made expressly for him), with his two paralyzed front fingers. The Wenli text, which the Bishop humorously calls his two-fingered Bible, represents fourteen years of unremitting labor.

"The last time an official of the American Bible Society saw the Bishop in Tokio, he affectionately patted the arms of his chair with the atrophied fingers, and remarked: 'To complete my task I have sat in this chair for over twenty years.'"

On his return to China in 1895, the Bishop, in collaboration with the Rev. J. S. Burden, translated the Book of Common Prayer into Mandarin. Since 1897 he has resided in Japan, and, spite of his great infirmities and three-score years and ten, he has compiled a

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Mongolian dictionary, and at last accounts he was preparing a volume of references to the Mandarin Bible.

Bishop Schereschewsky is not only the most remarkable invalid of this generation, and in every sense the master of his fate, but Professor Max Müller says he is one of the six most learned Orientalists in the world.

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CHAPTER II.

Age in Relation to Mental Activity.

ARLYLE says the richer a nature the harder and slower its development. He reminds us that the cabbage is the quickest and completest of all vegetables. He gives the story of two boys as an illustration, who were once in a class in the Edinburgh Grammar School: John was ever trim, precise, and dux; Walter ever slovenly and dull. John developed like the cabbage, and in due time became Baillie John of Hunter Square; there he stopped. Walter struggled on against a slower growth, but in the course of years became Sir Walter Scott of the Universe. Nearly every one of those tales which conferred immortality upon him, was

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written after he had reached the age of forty-six.

Reminiscent of Carlyle's reference to the slow development of a rich nature, is his own literary career. While he was never a doltish student, the prospect in his younger manhood of making a name for himself, was exceedingly dubious. At twenty-three his life's plans were so unsettled and the outlook as to his success as a teacher in Edinburgh so uncertain, that he seriously entertained the idea of quitting Scotland, the land of his birth, and emigrating to America.

Carlyle's *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches,* which is said to have been the most successful of all his works because it completely revolutionized the public estimate of the great statesman and ruler, was published when Carlyle was forty years old. The first two volumes of *Frederick the Great* appeared when he was sixty-three; another two when he was sixty-seven; and the last two when he was sixty-nine.

The most famous of Swift's works is *Gulliver's Travels.* Almost immediately after its appearance it was in the mouth of the world; yet the Dean did not begin to write the immortal satire till he was past fifty-seven, completing it in two years.

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Macaulay was a strong writer in his early manhood, but he was forty-eight when he issued the first and second volumes of his *History of England.* He seemed never to be in haste with his work, for he was fifty-five when the third and fourth volumes appeared. Good though the essays are which he produced before he was forty-five, they pale when compared with the work of his mature years.

Darwin did not establish his reputation as a naturalist until he was passing fifty, when his *Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection* was given to the world. *The Descent of Man,* hardly less famous than the previous volume as an epoch-making work, was published when he was sixty-two.

It was in 1855, when Longfellow was forty-eight, that he wrote "The Song of Hiawatha." After that age he was as prolific as he was excellent, for in the years following came his splendid translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy," and the poem of exquisite beauty, "Mari-turi Salutamus." The latter was written in 1875 for the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from Bowdoin College, the occasion being one of unusual impressiveness and deeply affecting. The poem closes with the characteristic lines:

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For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day.

The readers of William Cullen Bryant will remember that the great poet made his translation of *Homer's Iliad* at the age of seventy-six, and of *The Odyssey* a year later. So ably was this task performed that the translations are said to be, in many respects, the best that any English writing poet has yet produced. The passing of sixty-four years from the appearance of his immortal *Thanatopsis* to the writing of *The Flood of Years,* brought no loss whatever to his poetic capacity. In his editorial management of the New York *Evening Post* he displayed the same remarkable mental balance and power up to his accidental and sudden death in 1878, at the age of eighty-four, as when he assumed control of that paper in 1826.

It was not until late in life that Oliver Wendell Holmes became known to the world as a writer of fiction. The romance of the Professor and the Schoolmistress interwoven with his "Breakfast Table" essays, might be regarded as his first venture in that field. But *Elsie Venner,* which appeared in 1860, was the first real work of Holmes as a novelist. *The*

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Guardian Angel, some seven years later; and eighteen years further on, when he had reached seventy-six, he published *A Mortal Antipathy.* Of *The Guardian Angel,* produced when the doctor was approaching seventy, an English critic said: "There is no such minor poet in the whole range of fiction as the immortal Gifted Hopkins. . . . If Dr. Holmes has more characters like Gifted Hopkins in his mind, the hilarity of two continents is not in much danger of being extinguished." *The Iron Gate,* which Dr. Holmes wrote for a breakfast given in honor of his seventieth birthday by the *Atlantic Monthly,* has been called the finest creation of his genius since the publication of *The Cambered Nautilus,* written some twenty years previously.

There was no rapid development of Washington Irving's best powers as a writer. It is said by competent authority that the volumes which came from his pen toward the close of his life "added to his reputation." When his life of Oliver Goldsmith appeared in 1849, Irving was sixty-six years old, and his *Mahomet and His Successors* was published a year later. His long-planned and affectionate life of Washington, in five volumes, was completed only with the year of his death—1859.

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The intellectual powers of George Bancroft, our distinguished historian, were so vigorous at seventy-six that he was able to publish a centenary edition of his works; and at eighty-two he prepared his *History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States.* He was eighty-three when he revised the edition of his history in six volumes. His mental faculties were well-preserved up to his death in his ninety-first year, in 1891.

When Frances M. Trollope came to America from England in 1829 for the purpose of establishing herself in business in Cincinnati, she lacked only a few months of being fifty years old. She was a stranger in a strange land, and was without a literary career. Though her enterprise failed, she was not idle. During the three years' residence in this country, Mrs. Trollope gathered material for *Domestic Manners in America,* which she published in London in 1832. From the time she was fifty-two to her death at eighty-three, she published upwards of one hundred volumes—novels of society, and impressions of travel making up the sum of her works. Mrs. Trollope was widely read, and during her thirty-two years of authorship her income from her books

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is said to have reached one hundred thousand dollars.

Humboldt is an illustration of what a man is worth intellectually after he is sixty or seventy. It is true that he did some great things before he was sixty, but his greatest works were produced after that period. He was sixty years old when, at the instance of Emperor Nicholas of Russia, he undertook a scientific expedition to the north of Asia to explore the Ural and Altai Mountains, Chinese Dzungaria, and the Caspian Sea. He was sixty-seven when he published, in five volumes, a *Critical Examination of the Geography of the New Continent.* When about seventy-four years old, Humboldt began to compose *Cosmos: Essay of a Physical Description of the Universe,* which has been unanimously recognized as "one of the greatest scientific works ever published." The fourth and last volume was not issued until 1858, one year before his death at the age of ninety.

A writer who made a reputation for himself as an author late in life, was Saavedra Cervantes. The first part of *Don Quixote,* which Carlyle calls "our joyfullest modern book," was published when he was nearly sixty, and eight years passed before the second part ap-

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peared. Cervantes and Shakespeare died on the same day, April 23, 1616.

It is refreshing to read how Goethe wrought at his tasks till he passed the age of eighty. Time did not seem to weaken his intellect nor slacken his energy. In its literary phases, his life may be divided into four periods, the fourth being that of old age—from 1805, when he was fifty-six, to the year of his death, at the age of eighty-three. During that period a large number of works were published—some of his greatest—and among them is *Faust,* his masterpiece. The first part was written when Goethe was between fifty-six and fifty-eight, and the second part was completed only a few months before his death in 1832. Some of his most beautiful poems were written when he was about seventy-five.

It was late in life that Victor Hugo began some of his great works. *Les Miserables* was written when he had passed fifty-seven, and was published in ten languages on the same day in 1862. *The Toilers* of the Sea was brought out when he was sixty-four, and *The Annals of a Terrible Year,* at seventy, at which age his mental vigor showed no sign of decline. Hugo's *Ninety-Three,* published when he was about seventy-two, is regarded by wise and able critics

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to be the most virile of his novels, with "more intensity of action and a truer tragic catastrophe" than even *Les Miserables.* The last part of *The Legends of the Centuries,* written when he was approaching eighty, reaches the high-water mark of his achievement in lyrical epic.

A striking example of how mental activity can be maintained during the period commonly called old age, is found in the life of Mrs. Mary Somerville, the distinguished English mathematician and scientist. She did not allow herself to suffer from brain rust, nor to become irritable from dyspepsia or gloomy thoughts. She was fifty years old when the first of her important works, *Celestial Mechanism of the Heavens,* was brought out in London in 1830. At fifty-five, Mrs. Somerville prepared *The Connection of the Physical Sciences;* at sixty-eight, *Physical Geography;* at eighty-six, *Molecular and Microscopic Science.*

At the age of ninety-two Mrs. Somerville wrote: "I am still able to read books on higher algebra for four or five hours in the forenoon"; and to the day of her death at Naples, in 1872, she was engaged on the revision and completion of a treatise on *The Theory of Differences,* which included some exquisite drawings. Only

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a few days before she passed away, she said: "I regret that I shall not live to learn the result of the expedition to determine the currents of the ocean, the distance of the earth from the sun determined by the transit of Venus, and the source of the most renowned river."

No physician in this country, excepting Oliver Wendell Holmes, has written so many volumes on varied topics as Dr. Silas Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia. In the practice of his profession he is eminent and always busy, and yet he has found time to do a large amount of literary work. He is seventy-five years old, but in his medical practice and in his literary labors he is still actively engaged. I make this reference to Dr. Mitchell because his best literary efforts have been accomplished since he reached the age of fifty. He has written something like thirty volumes, besides one hundred and twenty-five essays and monographs upon nervous diseases, poisons and their antidotes, comparative physiology, and chemical medicine. His *Hugh Wynne,* generally conceded to rank among the best stories of the American Revolution, was written when the doctor was nearly sixty-six years old. His clever *Comedy of Conscience,* was published two years ago; and a book that will appeal to every patiotic Amer-

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ican boy is Dr. Mitchell's *The Youth of Washington,* which is skilfully written in an autobiographic form. It was little less than a marvellous undertaking in a man who has devoted his long life to medicine and scientific pursuits. But his new novel, *Constance Trescot,* is regarded by critics to be the greatest of all his works. It is a powerful psychological study of a woman, is intensely interesting, and was written when the doctor was seventy-five.

The list of names prominently associated with the subject of "Age in Relation to Mental Activity" is a long one and interesting. Time and again has it been proven that the highest level of courage, insight, and faith, has been reached by men and women after they have passed three-score years and ten.

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CHAPTER III.

Can We Spare the Old Men?

WHILE the fact that numerous men and women have performed some of their best work after they have entered their seventies or eighties, shines out in biographical history, there is an increasing disregard for age manifested in various employments and professions. It seems that we are hardly up to some of the Orientals in exhibiting a proper reverence for the wisdom of years and experience.

In discussing the question, "Can We Spare the Old Men?" *The Independent* of July 2, 1903, said: "The saddest state of affairs is found in the professions, and especially in those which in one way or another have the making of public opinion. Every little while someone

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asks why there are no great newspapers to-day? Time was when *The Tribune, The Sun, The Times, The Evening Post,* and *The Springfield Republican,* helped to make history. Their opinions counted for something. That was when their editorial pages were contributed by men of ripe experience. Greeley, Dana, Raymond, Bryant, Godkin, and 'Sam' Bowles were men of unlike minds and of different characters, but they had one qualification in common. They had lived. They had stored up experience. They were not kids."

It may be true that some of the veteran readers of the press, whose memories run back to the fifties and sixties, feel the loss of the vigorous personality, the strong characteristics, and the able and pronounced opinions of the distinguished editors, who, having filled their mission, have passed away. But will not *The Independent* admit that there are many men of matured brain power and ripe experience contributing editorial pages to some of our widely-read newspapers of to-day?

But *The Independent* goes on to say: "In the universities the state of affairs threatens to become even worse. The modern University President has become infected with the business way of looking at things. He thinks he is run-

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ning 'a plant' like a cotton factory or a barbed wire mill, and must turn out a certain number of intellects of assorted sizes every June. For this work he needs a lot of young hustlers in the professors' chairs, who can do business on the 'step lively' plan of the trolley car conductor. And as to the ministry, it is only necessary to recall the oft-bewailed 'dead-line of fifty years,' beyond which the clergyman's usefulness is supposed to end. Indeed, there would almost seem to be no suitable place in the world's work to-day for the man over sixty unless it be the Supreme Court of the United States.

"The whole situation, we say, is a sad one. It is sad because it reveals an utter failure to discriminate between the pretentious things and the real things in human life. It is sad because the results will be more and more destructive of quality, of manner, of appreciation of the sound and the beautiful, which only long years of hard experience can reproduce. . . . . Young men must do most of the world's hard and active work, but there is a work which they are incompetent to touch. An age which knows the difference between wisdom and knowledge will retain for that work the men who are competent. Wherever manner and quality are still

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in demand, wherever real goods are still sold, the man of experience is found."

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, in his *Beula-Land,* says: "In this fast age there is a clamorous demand for young men, and sometimes a disposition to shelve those who are past three-score; but there are some men who will not be shelved, or, if they have been, the public necessities take them down again, and demand their ripe judgment and experience. When a difficult case comes into court it is commonly a veteran lawyer that is called on to make the decisive argument; when the young physician is baffled by the novel disease, the old doctor, who has turned down every malady known to mortal flesh, is called into consultation. When the life of Germany was assailed by the legions of France, three old heads were put together—Kaiser Wilhelm, Bismarck, and von Moltke; they soon blew the invasion into fragments. The ancient parish of Franklin, Massachusetts, was once disturbed by novelties that threatened its orthodoxy and its peace; the venerable Dr. Emmons, at the age of ninety, put on his cocked hat, and, marching into the meeting-house, quelled the commotion in fifteen minutes, and scattered the fogs of heresy from the atmosphere."

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Whether the world can well spare its old men, depends on what kind of old men they are. There are various grades of men who are old. Some men make themselves old, and lead a humdrum sort of life—aimless and indifferent. They are much like the man whom Ralph Waldo Emerson describes as having lived "to wear out his boots." And there are others whose opportunities and environments are not particularly favorable, yet keeping themselves young in heart and active in mind, are of some account to the communities in which they live. The manner in which men and women grow old is largely a matter of education, of purpose, of will-power. Sometimes an ailment, which the laws of hygiene cannot prevent nor medicine cure, brings on premature old age and makes life burdensome and seemingly profitless; but in a majority of cases "man is man and master of his fate."

General William Booth, who organized the Salvation Army in London in 1865, completed his seventy-fifth year in April, 1904. During the past forty-two years he has accomplished an enormous amount of work in evangelism associated with the Army. An impress of his wonderful personality has been made in many lands. After he attained his seventy-third

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year he was active in preaching and organizing in America, France, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Scotland, and England. He had just passed his seventy-fifth birthday when he set for a lively campaign against the powers of evil in Scandinavia, Germany, and Switzerland.

He is a grand old gentleman, a faithful bishop of souls! Seventy-five years old, and no church can shelve him! No ecclesiastical body can depose him. He has taken good care of his body. His heart and mind are continually set on things that inspire. These keep him young and vigorous.

The value of old men in public affairs is seen in the career of the late Justin S. Morrill of Vermont, who rendered an unbroken service in the Congress of the United States of forty-four years lacking only a few months. In point of continuous tenure of office he surpassed the record of any other member of either branch of that body since the foundation of the Government. There was no time in those forty-four years that the people of Vermont thought for a moment that the Senator could be spared.

It will surprise some people to read that when Mr. Morrill was eighty-eight years old, he rose in his seat in the United States Senate, and,

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with old-time vigor and clearness of intellect, led in the debate on the question of the annexation of Hawaii! Up to the month of his death —December, 1898—his interest in the affairs of his State and the Nation did not abate in the least. It is said of him that he never missed a roll call in the Senate, and that he made fewer mistakes than any other man in public life.

As a rule, people are apt to forget that a man's value to the community should be measured by his capacity to perform honest service, and not by the number of his years. The oldest trade unionist in the United States is John McDonald of Bethel, Connecticut. He is ninety-eight years old, and the Hatmaker's Union, of which he is a member, has intrusted him with the treasurership of the Union for forty years. At the time I am writing, Mr. McDonald is active and cheery, and attends to the duties of his office with businesslike regularity. He does not make a parade of his age, but goes about his daily task with an aptitude that puzzles those who cannot understand the philosophy of growing old naturally.

In 1897 the Chicago *Tribune* published an account of a minister who had preached the gospel faithfully for more than forty years, and against his will was retired. He had become

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gray in the service of the Church. His form was somewhat bent, but his voice still rang out in true tones. However, the younger members of the parish thought him old-fashioned, and he was forced to vacate the pulpit.

In law and medicine, the man of gray hair and ripe experience is greatly honored, but not so in regard to ministers in a large majority of churches. This deposed minister did not share the feeling of the Psalmist when he sang: "Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest." The old veteran nerved himself for the battle and the burden of the day. Although he was seventy-two years old, he began the study of medicine, and upon his graduation opened an office and practised with success for several years. He "died in the harness." An account of his life says that he prescribed for his patients up to the very day he passed away.

It is regrettable that *The Tribune* did not reveal the doctor's identity. His name should be put in bold type with other true gentlemen who are masters of their years, and who do not devitalize themselves by self-pity when misfortune overtakes them.

There is a gentleman living in Lincoln, Illinois, James F. Hyde by name, who passed

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the "dead line of fifty" over forty years ago, and yet cannot be spared. He has held various offices of trust, such as City Treasurer, City Controller, Deputy City Collector, and expert bookkeeper for three business houses in Lincoln. Mr. Hyde is ninety-one years old and has not missed a day's work in years, save when he has taken a vacation of two weeks in summer. One thing has done much to increase his longevity —he never worries. He is always at peace with himself. That he is rapidly taking on extreme old age gives him no concern.

The instances are exceedingly large in number which show that age does not disqualify a person from practical service of some kind. The Second Baptist Church of Chicago can ill afford in this year of 1904, to part with the services of "Aunt Lizzie" Aiken, who has filled the office of Church visitor for forty years. She is one of the noble women of the Civil War, whose heroism and self-sacrifice gave her wide fame and commanded the gratitude of the Nation. She was a hospital nurse of special ability, and it is said that the number of soldiers to whom Miss Aiken had read passages from the Bible, with whom she had prayed, and whose eyes she had closed when life expired, exceeded three thousand. Since the war she

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has been visitor to those who need the aid of the Church, and the love and practical sympathy of consecrated womanhood. Up to the time she was eighty-four years old her visitations were constant. People of all classes and conditions have been comforted and strengthened by her kindly offices.

"Aunt Lizzie" is now eighty-seven, and during the past three or four years she has been much confined to her home, still her life is full of sunshine, and has a gracious influence upon all who call upon her.

A person cannot become "master of his fate," nor "captain of his soul," until he learns the art of taking care of his mind and body. Men and women who have won great victories despite of old age or physical infirmities, have held a tight grip on the nervous life as well as holding mastery over their thoughts. By these means they achieve what might seem impossibilities to those who care but little about mental culture or physical development.

I was reading the other day of Hardinge Stanley Giffard, first Earl of Halsbury, who is now the oldest member of the British Cabinet. He is eighty-one years old, and, by a thorough study of the laws of health, he is able to do a vast amount of hard work. It is said

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that he goes to Westminster in his capacity of first judge of the realm at ten o'clock in the morning and remains there until four in the afternoon, hearing appeals. This would seem to be a sufficient day's work for a judge of four-score years. But Lord Halsbury takes his place, a few minutes later as speaker of the House of Lords and remains there until that body adjourns, which many times is not till the early morning of the following day.

A good example of how to live and how to serve in old age is found in one of "God's veterans"—Archbishop John J. Williams of Boston, who has become the dean of the Catholic hierarchy of the United States since the recent death of Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati. The Archbishop is eighty-three years old, but he is active, clear-headed, and performs an enormous amount of labor connected with the vast details incident to the arch-diocesan office. He meets every day's task with the same composure, cheerfulness, and zeal that were characteristic of him twenty years ago. The saying that "a man is no older than he feels," is exemplified in Archbishop Williams' life. He has studied how to live so as to make advanced years an honor and work a pleasure.

It seems that Columbian College, Washing-

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ton, could not well dispense with the services of Adoniram J. Huntington, who was Professor of Latin and Greek in that institution at three different periods, beginning in 1843 and ending in 1900. He was active as a professor until he was eighty-two years old, and now, at eighty-six, is emeritus professor of Greek. He is still a student, and frequently delivers sermons in the Baptist Church to which he belongs.

Former Governor Francis R. Lubbock of Texas, has passed his eighty-ninth year, but is still in harness. He not only takes an interest in State affairs, but at the age of eighty-five, he brought out his *Six Decades in Texas,* a publication of unusual interest and value to the State in which he has lived for sixty-eight years.

Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney, although she has passed her eightieth year, has not lost her hold on the reading public, and her twenty-seventh volume has just been issued from the press. Its title is *Biddy's Episodes,* and the fact that it is sweet-spirited, bright, wholesome, interesting, is proof that she is now just as able to help and attract her readers as when she wrote her charming story, *Faith Gartney's Girlhood,* thirty years ago.

In *The Cosmopolitan* for May, 1905, is an article on "The Philosophy of Staying in Har-

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ness," by James Hulme Canfield, LL.D., Librarian of Columbia University, New York, and from it I will take two refreshing paragraphs, which must close this chapter:

But the harness which enables one to pull his full share of life's load, to render his full share of service, should never be taken off—can never be laid aside while any measure of desire and ability to satisfy desire remains. All this talk of "stepping out and giving the young men a chance" is supremest folly. The young men never have "a chance" equal to the opportunity of working side by side with those rich in experience, in that wisdom which comes from practical trial. Volunteers under fire are steadied by veterans, and a shrewd man always drives colts with older horses. Counsel and action, wisdom and energy, age and youth, mixed in proper proportions, secure the finest results.

Men who have grown selfish and narrow and stubborn and hard, and are obstacles in the path of all progress, may not be quoted to the contrary of this general contention, since these are abnormal—are excrescences rather than a part of natural growth, and should be dealt with as such. But the rule should be and is that men grow sweeter as they ripen, larger with

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increase of days, and constantly of more value to themselves and to the world—and to themselves because to the world. This value should not be lessened and this service should not be minimized by any short-sighted, foolish sentiment about "giving place to others." The world has a crying need of all men, with all their faculties and powers most wisely and intelligently and unselfishly and effectively active, through all possible length of days. There can be no overproduction in this direction. Any other than the most complete and long-continued development of the whole man, and of every man, weakens and impoverishes all men.

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CHAPTER IV.

Two Views of Old Age.

WHEN Hogarth's years were drawing to a close he executed a picture in which his purpose was to illustrate the end of human life. On the canvas was a shattered bottle, a cracked bell, an unstrung bow, the sign-post of a tavern called "The World's End," falling down, a shipwreck, the horses of Phoebus lying dead in the clouds, the moon in her last quarter, and the world on fire. "One more thing," said Hogarth, "and I have done." He then added to this picture a painter's palette broken. It was the last work he executed. This was Hogarth's view of old age just before his life closed at sixty-seven.

Against this dark picture which represents Hogarth's feeling as to what life was to him, I

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want to set the hopes, the aspirations, and the faith of Dr. Edward Everett Hale. About ten years ago the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, editor of *The Evangelist,* New York, published in his paper a conversation with Dr. Hale, which ran as follows:

"We began to forecast the time, not far distant, when we should pass into another sphere. This did not dampen the conversation in the least. I asked Dr. Hale, 'Does it cast a shadow over you to think that life is coming to an end?' 'Not in the least: for it is not coming to an end; we only pass from one stage to another.' Then said I, 'You have no doubts as to the future life?' 'Not the slightest,' was his reply. I answered, 'I say with all sincerity that though I am nearly seventy-three years of age, I would not be a day younger than I am.' 'Nor I,' Dr. Hale emphatically said. 'Do you shrink back at the thought of passing out of the known into the unknown?' 'On the contrary, I sometimes feel a longing to know what is beyond the veil, and I am eager to see the curtain rise. To such death is but the passing out of the darkness into light.' Death for us every one may be 'swallowed up in victory.'"

This conversation reveals the Christian faith of two great men. Dr. Field is in his eighty-

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third year. He edited *The Evangelist* for forty-five years, has published many important books, and still puts cheer and mental vigor in his work.

Dr. Hale and Dr. Field are twins in their happy and breezy style of living and working; and they are twins in another sense—they were born on the same day—in the same year—April third, 1822. Since Dr. Hale wrote *The Man Without a Country,* forty-two years ago, a little book that made a deep impression on the public mind, he has been a remarkably active man in literary undertakings. The increase of years has not made his work less facile and delightful. He was close to eighty years old when he published his *Memories of a Hundred Years,* a work of uncommon interest and value. And he could be called an octogenarian when, in collaboration with his children, he wrote *New England History in Ballads.*

At eighty-two, Dr. Hale was elected chaplain of the United States Senate, and in addition to performing the duties of that office, he keeps his pen busy. He does not propose to abandon intellectual effort before it is absolutely necessary. By judicious means he has guarded himself against the common misfortunes of elderly people. When I asked the doctor for some of

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the rules which served him best in maintaining his mental and physical vigor in his advanced life, he wrote:

"Live in the open air as much as you can. Let no man think of himself more highly than he ought to think. For this it will be convenient not to think of yourself much at all.

"As you grow old do not go a long time without easily digested food. The centre of all healthy physical life is sleep. Whatever else you do, take care that you sleep well. This means that you do not work the brain in the last six hours of any day."

The spirit of Dr. Hale's life is expressed in his motto, which has many times been repeated around the world:

Look forward and not backward;
Look up and not down;
Look out and not in;
Lend a hand.

He carries with him an extraordinary atmosphere; and from his life can be learned the great lesson of service and hope.

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CHAPTER V.

Growing Old and Keeping Young.

MONG the active octogenarians of the United States there is none more beloved or distinguished than the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler of Brooklyn, New York. He has lived a great life. He is still living a life that is making history. For thirty years he was pastor of Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, and in 1890 he resigned to enter a ministry at large. In evangelism, temperance, and philanthropy, his work has been remarkably successful.

Dr. Cuyler's life has been unusually fruitful and active; and in his eighty-third year he is still full of personal sympathy and personal service. He has written upwards of twenty books, and his special articles published in leading religious papers number about four thou-

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sand, many of which have been rendered into foreign languages.

When I asked Dr. Cuyler for a few lines on "Growing Old and Keeping Young," he kindly sent me the remaining part of this chapter, which was originally prepared at the request of a London publisher. It is characteristic of the doctor, and will be read with deep interest:

"Old" is a relative term after all. I have known people who were rather pitiably old at fifty; and when I met that swift-footed Christian, William E. Dodge (senior), at the age of seventy-five, with the brisk gait of a boy and with scarcely a grey hair on his head, I said to him, "You are one of the youngest men in New York."

How to keep young—that is the problem; and it is a vitally important problem, for it really means how to make the most of life, and to bring in the largest revenue of service for the Master.

Healthy heredity counts for a great deal. Longevity runs in certain clean-lived families. For example, that stalwart philanthropist, Neal Dow, alert at ninety-two, told me that his Quaker father reached ninety-four, his grandfather eighty-five, and his great-grandfather ninety.

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Such inherited vigor is a capital to start with, and not to be wasted. On the other hand, one of the most atrocious of crimes is that committed by some parents, who not only shorten their own days, but make long life an impossibility to their offspring.

Supposing that a man has a fairly good and unmortgaged constitution to start with, there are several practices and methods to ward off the infirmities of a premature old age.

The first and most important is—to keep the commandments. Our Creator has written certain laws on our mortal bodies—laws as irrepealable as those written on the stone tables of Sinai; laws for the breach of which Jesus Christ has made no atonement. To squander vital resources by violating these laws, or even by neglecting them, is an unpardonable sin.

There are suicides in Christian churches—yes, in some Christian pulpits! Rigid care as to a digestible diet does not mean fussiness. It means a clear head, clean blood, and a chance of longevity. Stimulants are dangerous just in proportion as they become indispensable. Hard brain-work, hearty eating, and no physical exercise are the short road to a minister's grave. That famous patriarch of the New England pulpit, Dr. Nathaniel Emmons, who was vig-

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orous at ninety-five, used to say, "I always get up from the table a little hungry." The all-comprehensive rule of diet is very simple—whatever harms more than helps, *let alone.* Wilful dyspepsia is an abomination to the Lord.

A second essential to a healthy longevity is the repair of our resources by sound and sufficient sleep. Insomnia is worse than any of the plagues of Egypt; it kills a man or woman by inches. How much sleep is absolutely necessary to bodily vigor must be left to Nature. She will tell you if you don't fool with her. "Burning the midnight oil" commonly means burning up life before your time. Morning is the time for work; one hour before noon is worth five after sunset.

When a man who has as much strain on his brain and on his nervous sensibilities as most ministers have goes to his bedroom, he should school himself to the habit of dismissing all thought about outside matters. If he has difficulty in doing this, he should pray for divine help to do it. This suggestion is applicable to hard-worked business men and to care-laden wives and housekeepers as it is to ministers or brain-workers of any profession.

That wonderful physical and mental phe-

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nomenon of this century, Mr. Gladstone, once told me that he had made it a rule to lock every affair of State and every other care outside of his bedroom door. To this excellent habit he attributed his sound sleep, and to his refreshing sleep he largely attributed his vigorous longevity. Paddy's rule is a good one—"When you slape, pay *attintion* to it." Personally, I may remark that it is to a full quota of slumber at night and a brief nap after a noon meal that I owe fifty-six years of steady work without a single Sunday on a sick-bed.

To keep young, every man or woman should endeavor to graduate their labors according to their age. After three score and ten lighten up the loads. It is *over*-work that wears out life; just as it is the driving of a horse after he is *tired* that hurts him and shortens his days. But while excess of labor is injurious to the old, an entire cessation from all labor is still worse. A workless life is commonly a worthless life. If a minister lays off the burdens of the pastorate, let him keep the tools sharp by a ministry-at-large with pen and tongue. When a merchant or tradesman retires from business for himself, let him serve the public, or aid Christ's cause by enlisting in enterprises of philanthropy.

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Rust has been the ruin of many a bright intellect. The celebrated Dr. Archibald Alexander, of the Princeton Theological Seminary, kept young by doing a certain amount of intellectual work every day so that he should not lose his touch. He was as full of sap on the day before his death as he was when missionary in Virginia at the age of two-and-twenty. He prepared and often used a prayer that was so beautiful that I quote a portion of it for my fellow disciples whose life-clock has struck three score and ten:

"O most merciful God, cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not if my strength faileth. May my hoary head be found in righteousness. Preserve my mind from dotage and imbecility, and my body from protracted disease and excruciating pain. Deliver me from despondency in my declining years, and enable me to bear with patience whatever may be Thy holy will. I humbly ask that my reason may be continued to the last; and that I may be so comforted and supported that I may have my testimony in favor of the reality of religion and of Thy faithfulness in fulfilling Thy gracious promises. And when my spirit leaves this clay tenement, Lord Jesus receive it! Send some of the blessed angels to convoy my inexperienced

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soul to the mansions which Thy love has prepared: and oh, may I have an abundant entrance ministered unto me into the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

This beautiful petition flooded his closing years with sweet peace and a strength unbroken to the last.

A sore temptation to the aged is a tendency to querulousness and pessimism. Losses are unduly lamented, and gains are not duly recognized. While we cherish and cling to many of the things that are old, and are all the better for having been tested, let us not seek to put our eyes in the back of our heads and live only in the past. Keep step with the times; keep sympathy with young hearts; keep in touch with every new-born enterprise of charity, and in line with the marchings of God's providence. A ten minutes of chat or play with a grandchild may freshen you more than an hour spent with an old companion or over an old book.

If life is spent in God's service, its later years may be well described in the quaint Scotch version of the 92d Psalm:

> And in old age when others fade
> They fruit still forth shall bring;
> They shall be fat, and full of sap,
> And aye be flourishing.

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CHAPTER VI.

Old at Fifty---Young at Eighty.

AN instance showing how one can take on age gracefully and increase his physical strength in advancing years is found in the life of Richard Henry Dana. There is peculiar interest in his case because in the first half of his life he was troubled with frequent periods of invalidism.

It may not be too great a digression to say that Mr. Dana was the father of Richard Henry Dana, Jr., who won the hearts of tens of thousands of American boys, and deeply interested sailors serving under many flags upon almost every sea, by his fascinating little book, *Two Years Before the Mast,* which was translated into many languages.

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The elder Dana was distinguished as a scholar and an author. Until he was fifty years old, much of his time seems to have been devoted to the business of keeping himself out of the grave. His long period of invalidism was little more than an existence. He could hardly call it living, although he accomplished a fair amount of literary work.

On passing the half century line, a radical change took place in Mr. Dana's physical condition. His habits of life, though previously not seeming to be irrational, were revised. His body took on new powers; and up to the time of his death at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1879, his intellectual vigor was fully maintained. His bodily activity during the old age period far surpassed that of his young manhood. The beautiful touches of fancy so frequent in his "Tales," written in his early years, were reflected in a large degree in his advanced age. He was a delightful old gentleman. What greatly attracted his friends was his graceful bearing and his serene faith. The last forty-two years of his life were well worth living. He was ninety-two years old when he departed.

The facts associated with the later years of Mr. Dana's life suggest the career of Adam Ferguson, the historian of Rome and professor

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of philosophy at Edinburgh. At the age of fifty he began to reap the harvest of many years of conviviality. An attack of paralysis, which, it was said at the time, "ought to have killed him," led his friend Joseph Black to induce him to adopt a vegetarian diet, and to abstain from all intoxicants. After this he rarely dined out except with Black, and Ferguson's son Adam used to say that it was "delightful to see the two philosophers rioting over a turnip." But the "turnip" redeemed Ferguson from invalidism and he lived to celebrate his ninety-third birthday. He did much literary work after his fiftieth year. His old age was a splendid example of how simple living will prolong one's life and throw a stream of sunshine on his pathway. Ferguson was in full possession of his faculties to the year of his home-going and at no time during his life was he more graceful and entertaining than when he entered the nineties. He died the year following Waterloo, and Sir Walter Scott says that when Napoleon was at last and forever conquered, the news came to the aged patriot as a *Nunc Dimittis.*

A veteran of the Victorian era recently passed away in the person of George Frederick Watts—distinguished as a sculptor as well as a

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painter. When we need a fine example of what a man can do for himself in prolonging life and accomplishing great results, the story of Watt's career is a good thing to read.

Though Watts was in his eighty-fourth year when his death occurred in London in 1904, he was far from being superannuated or shelved by the younger generation of his profession. Some of the warmest tributes to his talents ever paid him were received just before he closed his career, from his brother artists who were not half his age. Portraits, symbolical paintings, and statuary came from his studio with a regularity that might indicate he was good for many more years of active and valuable service. One of the most striking of his recent exhibits is called "Physical Force," a colossal horse and rider, which went to South Africa as an ornament for the tomb of Cecil Rhodes.

Watts' picture, "Love and Life," painted when he was sixty-eight years old, and which the Woman's Christian Temperance Union sought to have removed from the White House at Washington, has found an abiding place in the private apartments of the President.

But the sermon of Watts' life is in the care he took of his bodily health. As late as 1903, when asked to explain the secret of his health,

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cheerfulness, and power in his advanced years, he said:

"Being naturally sickly, I had orders to take care of my body. I have never smoked. Greater things were done in the world, immeasurably greater, before tobacco was discovered, than have ever been done since. The cigarette is the handmaid of idleness. I do not say that possibly it may not be a sedative to over-wrought nerves, but over-wrought nerves in themselves are things that ought not to be. Of wine I have taken very little. In my earlier years I used to take a little, but for a long time have never touched any form of alcohol. At meals I never drink anything, even water. Tea —yes, in moderation. And so, with regard to food I have been compelled to be very abstemious—to eat moderately and of simple food; to go to bed early (nine o'clock, for the most part), to rise with the sun, to avoid violent exercise, and to enjoy plenty of fresh air."

The oft repeated statement that a man may die old at thirty or young at eighty finds corroboration in the life of the Rev. Henry Griggs Weston, D.D., LL.D., President of Crozer Theological Seminary, Chester, Pennsylvania. The history of his case is as interesting as that of Dana, Ferguson, and Watts. I will let the doc-

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tor tell his own story, which was given out in September, 1904:

"When I was thirty years old I broke down so that for two months I did not speak a loud word, and everybody thought I was going to die. I didn't die, but the following summer I was not able to do any work and I had time to think how a man ought to live.

"I made up my mind and formed my plans, which I have followed ever since. And I have done a great deal of work. I can't speak as to the quality of it, but the quantity has been all that I can ask.

"The first absolute necessity of life is air to the lungs, and so I began that summer the practice of filling my lungs every day for half an hour at a time with fresh air, the best I can find. That custom I have followed ever since, and every day now I see that my lungs are expanded to their full capacity with the best air obtainable.

"The second principle I adopted was that the sun is the source of health, and I can look out from the room where I sleep and the room that I occupy at the sun shining.

"The third principle is that God made night for sleeping. It is my duty to sleep when the night comes, and it is my duty to get up in the

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morning when the morning comes, and I dropped all night work. I had my regular hours, to which I adhered, for sleeping, for eating, and for work, and I did not suffer them to be broken in upon except by absolute necessity."

When the doctor was questioned as to his food, he said: "I did not diet myself more than this—that I am a small eater, have no love for high living, and do not eat rich food."

As to the matter of smoking he remarked: "In 1846 I broke off smoking. I had smoked and used tobacco for eight years then. I was an excessive smoker. When I got out of tobacco, often I would ride ten miles to lay in a stock. I made up my mind that I would not be a slave to the habit, and I quit it."

Dr. Weston has been President of the Theological Seminary for thirty-seven years. He is in his eighty-fifth year, and keenly relishes a walk of from one to three miles daily.

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CHAPTER VII.

Growing Old Cheerfully.

MANY persons have what is sometimes called a "diseased" feeling against growing old. They look upon old age as a melancholy necessity.

But since advanced age is as natural as entering into life, why not meet that condition naturally? Why should we borrow trouble or harbor regret concerning the operation of a law of nature? With the approach of the scriptural limit of human life bodily vigor declines. The sight grows dim. The grinders cease because they are few, or are wholly lost. But why should these matters which are inevitable, dispel generous impulses or disturb one's peace of mind? A frost does not hurt hard autumn

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fruit. It takes the prickly cover off from one, and turns the juices of the other to sugar. Mr. Beecher says he "does not know of anything that is made sour by frost except men. They sometimes are. October, the ripest month of the year, and the richest in colors, is a type of what old age should be."

There is something very beautiful in growing old if life is lived naturally. Old age is a divine condition because Providence has decreed it. Shade trees and forests are never more attractive than when autumnal frosts tinge their leaves with ruddy gold. The most charming pictures of the sun ever painted do not represent the brightness of its rising, nor its luster at resplendent noon, but rather its golden setting.

And so in human life, the sweetest, the tenderest, the divinest picture of motherhood is not seen at the age when she gives the world her first born, but rather when her hair is whitened and her face furrowed with age. It is then that she becomes truly sweet-featured, and her presence in the home a benediction. And we can hardly consider that a man reaches his best estate at forty, or even at fifty. The true test of his manhood, of his power to do things, comes when the years begin to weigh

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upon him. An unnamed Italian moralist says: "A man grows old most gracefully when his hand still rests lightly, but with the touch of a master, upon the work which has stood to him for his ripest years." It is a great thing to live so that the richest part of life shall be its evening.

The Lord is wonderfully gracious to the children of men. He gives to almost all men and women the capacity to attain old age gracefully. By a happy process of nature some beautiful traits of character are within the reach of those who are aging which may be utilized to much advantage if they are not heedlessly or wilfully repelled. In an elderly person the sympathies are increased. The nature is more kindly and the spirit more forgiving. As a rule, the heart grows warmer. The fountain of bile, which in former years was too often stirred to distress, perhaps by an impetuous temper, is dried up. Age has softened his asperities. Many times "the aged have been seen to linger so rich in disposition, and so bright, and beautiful, as to make youth seem poor in treasure when compared with old age."

Of the softening effects of age there is an excellent illustration in Shakespeare. He wrote "The Tempest," calm and beautiful,

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shortly before he died on his fifty-third birthday, in 1616; "the wisest of dramas thus springing from the brain which had followed the master love play with the unrivalled tragedies of stormy intellect."

Mr. Norman Hapgood, to whom the foregoing quotation belongs, once said in *The Atlantic Monthly,* that a friend of his, designing for a golden wedding, carved three compassionate women, "Spring, Summer, Autumn—there was no fourth." The artist was wise. We live in the heart, and if incompassionate Winter should knock at its door, keep him out! Holmes, in *Over the Teacups,* gives an account of the last annual dinner of six of the ten survivors of his college class of 1829. Six old men in place of thirty or forty who surrounded the long oval table in 1859, when he asked—"Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?" "Boys," he adds, "whose tongues were as the vibrating leaves of the forest; whose talk was like the voice of many waters; whose laugh was as the breaking of mighty waves upon the seashore." "Were we melancholy?" asked Dr. Holmes. "Did we talk of graveyards and epitaphs? No. We were not the moping, complaining grayheads that many might suppose we must have been. We had been favored with

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the blessing of long life. We had seen the drama well into its fifth act. The sun still warmed us, the air was still grateful and life-giving. But there was another underlying source of our cheerful equanimity which we could not conceal from ourselves if we had wished to do it. Nature's kindly anodyne was telling upon us more and more with every year."

When Holmes died in 1894—some five years after the class meeting just referred to—*The London Spectator* remarked that it would await his autobiography with lively curiosity, for it wanted to know if he was ever unhappy. His autobiography never appeared because he never wrote one. It is known, however, that Oliver Wendell Holmes was never in an unhappy mood. He trained himself to grow old so gracefully that in every circumstance of his life he was joyously optimistic. The whole purpose of his living was to make the world better. Whether in essay, or novel, or speech, or poem, he was ever the same genial, buoyant-spirited Holmes.

Another gathering of "modern Methuselahs," similar to that described by Holmes, which teaches a valuable lesson as to the cultivation of cheerfulness in old age, was a banquet given

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at the Essex Club, in Park Place, Newark, New Jersey, in May, 1894. Such an assembly has not often been known in this country. The dinner was given by Silas Halsey, of Newark, for Judge Joseph Alexander, of South Orange, New Jersey. There were nineteen guests. The youngest man was seventy; eight were not far short of the span of four score years; six were octogenarians; one was ninety, the guest of the evening was ninety-two, another was ninety-three, and the senior, one of the jolliest of the lot, was ninety-five.

The assembling of these bright old boys is a matter of interest to all who believe with Lydia M. Child that the rarest attainment is to grow old happily and gracefully. None of the company was grim-visaged. Everybody was gleesome and vivacious. Those manly men, some of them looking down from the summit of such extreme longevity, did not indicate by any expression of feeling that there was anything like morbidity or disquietude associated with old age. In the addresses delivered were bright stories and pleasing reminiscences which signified that these men, though in the so-called "Arctic region" of their lives, were living over again the happy days of their younger manhood.

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There is sound philosophy in the saying of a sage that "every man is his own age." We need not read between the lines to catch the meaning of this aphorism. In the main, the sage is right. Of course many persons are separated by the broadest differences of temperaments, of powers of development, and of other conditions. There are those who develop in wisdom, intellectual strength, and grace of manner under conditions which would not be favorable for like development in others. However, while the great host of white-haired veterans are on the homeward march but few need be left behind as to advancement in character and usefulness. There is no occasion why any one should be pessimistic on the subject of old age. To train one's self to be cheerful and useful in the fulness of his years, is the doing of a thing that is as necessary as protecting one's body from disease. The art of living is an unknown art to many, but to those who aspire after the best things which belong to longevity—briefly comprehended in good health and nobility of purpose—the way to success is very encouraging.

It should be borne in mind that a good measure of cheerfulness and contentment depends wholly upon our views of old age. Those who wisely keep their bodies in a normal condition,

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and grow to advanced life as naturally as a plant grows to maturity, will have no fear as to what will happen when they are seventy or eighty years of age. If we think of old age as a "melancholy necessity," it will not take long to grow old, and everything that is animating and hopeful will be crowded out of the mind and heart. All the wholesome pleasures of life, its joys and peace, and its practical usefulness, are determined by our aspirations. In short, old age is what we choose to make it.

Prentice Mulford says: "Three-fourths of our people look the old man or woman at sixty because they have always received it as an inevitable necessity, from which there was no possible escape—that they must be on the down-hill side of life at that age. It is to them 'a law of nature.' It is for them only the law of ignorance."

Many creeds by which old age can be made useful and cheerful have been published, but I must quote one adopted by the late Dr. William C. Gray, editor of *The Interior,* Chicago. He was a strong preacher of righteousness, although he never delivered his sermons from a pulpit. His life was a great sermon. In his *Camp-fire Musings,* published shortly after

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his death which occurred on the last Sunday in September, 1901, he says:

"A happy life is to be had by making rational enjoyment one of the objects of life. And that is not money-getting. It is not in fashion or display. It is in trying to make one's self and others happy. I go fishing and camping and strolling and do not care a continental either for wealth, or wealthy people because they are wealthy. I wear loose and comfortable clothes, take plenty of exercise, refuse to let my mind dwell on unpleasant things, never worry about lost opportunities or money losses, keep out of the way of cranks and quarrelsome people, and try to see the bright or the humorous side of things, cultivate love for my kindred, and crack many little chestnut of a joke.

"I never read any of the crimes or scandal columns of the dailies, choose cheerful books, and get out of the way of the whiners and growlers and scandal-mongers. One can have a happier life—happy as the day is long—by making happiness one of the main purposes of living. The foundation of this is good health. Anybody can have good health by starting out in time for it. It is to be had by the moderate eating of simple and wholesome food, which

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soon becomes a luxury to the palate; a clean skin; out-door exercise every day, without regard to the weather, except in the way of warm and dry clothing; keeping the mind cheerful; keeping the heart kindly; avoiding anxiety and longing about business affairs; contentment with one's lot."

A happy and serviceable longevity has come to be regarded as one of the grand prizes of human existence. And reason has again and again suggested the inquiry whether care or skill can increase the chances of acquiring such a prize, and can make old age as comfortable and happy as the earlier period of our manhood. This inquiry may be perplexity to a great many, but to the brave men and women who are ambitious to fill their old age with no little degree of joy and freshness of spirit it is not difficult to answer. The instances are numerous of persons of advanced years being able almost to renew their youth and to crown their last days with cheer and thanksgiving.

But in striving for length of days that carries something of gladness and gratitude with it one must heed the words of wisdom spoken by Gorgias, a celebrated Greek rhetorician who lived in the time of Socrates. When he was asked how he had managed to grow to a hundred

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years so joyfully, and so full of observation, he answered that he had never been wont to do anything for merely personal pleasure.

The prescription for a sound growth and development in the aged is hardly less rational than Elisha's recipe for the cure of Naaman's leprosy. But some one has said that he who would live to be a useful old man must begin early to be one. The fact remains, however, that comparatively few designedly take measures in early life to live longer than their fellows. But many a man has lengthened his fruitful years far beyond the age given by the Psalmist when it was supposed, long before, that his days were numbered.

To be old and yet feel young, what a prize! Our country is young, but too many of its people are growing old before their time. We strive for money with all our might. We glorify heroes and men of rank and fortune, and too often selfish men of power, but forget ourselves—forget that we ought to glorify the youthful, the cheerful, and the heart-warming things of life.

Recently *The Outlook* printed an editorial on "Christmas To-day," in which it said that Lowell was once passing a great building in London which bore the inscription, "Home for

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Incurable Children"; with a twinkle in his eye he turned to the friend who was walking with him and said, "They'll take me there some day." The thought is beautiful. The editorial then goes on to say: "The poets, artists, dreamers, lovers, who make the world endurable and life worth living are children at heart; when they leave all of childhood behind them, they no longer see visions and dream dreams; they become as dull and uninspiring as the rest of Jacob's sons. It was Lowell, too, who said that he had 'an inexhaustible fund of inexperience' about him. Blessed are they who never become wholly sophisticated, but who still dream and wonder and believe!"

. . . "Age is not a matter of years, but of feeling. Youth is the power of feeling things freshly; of finding joy in common as well as uncommon things; of being eager, enthusiastic, gay; of refusing to count the cost; of keeping the capacity for admiration and wonder. Age, on the other hand, is becoming so sophisticated that the faculty of enjoying simple things is lost, the capacity for fresh feeling, for admiration and enthusiasm, exhausted."

How can much of the buoyancy of youth be reincarnated in the hearts of the tired and world-worn men and women of to-day? How

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can we imbibe the spirit of Lowell, and save from exhaustion "the capacity for fresh feeling, for admiration and enthusiasm"? In answer to these questions a few plain principles of life, though of vital importance, can be named:

Strict moderation in all things should be our guiding maxim.

Learning in whatsoever state we are placed to be content.

Consoling ourselves with the beautiful words of the Psalmist: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Keeping in close touch with the best things of to-day.

Loving the friendships of young people, and never by our conversation or manner giving them occasion to complain that we are self-opinionated, or out of date, or were born too long ago.

Exercising a perfect faith in Christianity. In life's journey it is as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Establishing our souls on the golden text of the greatest essay on love ever written; "But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love."

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Some one has said that miracles will not be out of date so long as men believe in love.

Remembering the lines by Philip James Bailey:

"We live in deeds, not in years; in thoughts, not breaths.

In feelings, not in figures on the dial.

We should count time by heart throbs.

He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

So far as possible, to engage in some useful and active occupation. As the water of a running brook is sweet, so a life filled with wisely chosen mental and physical activity, brings health and enjoyment.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Never Too Old to Learn.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in one of his admirable breakfast table talks, said for the encouragement of those who have passed the meridian of life, that he found that he could learn anything twice as easily as in his earlier days, the reason being that age had brought him increased power of concentration. In consequence, he was not afraid to attack a new study, and recounts having taken up a difficult language when past sixty, with entire success. He likewise recites a popular story of a young New England farmer, who refused to plant apple trees on the score that he would not live to eat the fruit of them. The young man's grandfather, hearing the remark, planted the orchard himself and lived to drink cider from it.

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It is an old saying, as wise as it is trite, that a man is never too old to learn. The ability to acquire knowledge, in whatever realm his mind may lead him, ends only when a man closes the account with this life. When Thomas Henry Huxley died in 1898 he was past seventy-three —not an old man, by any means. His life had been one of patient, arduous investigation, solid, rational, scientific teaching, and brilliant and original writings. He was just passing his sixtieth year when he was convinced that he had made a blunder in not mastering the old Greek language in his earlier years. Although he was one of the busiest scientific scholars in the world his strong will power enabled him to learn the tongue of Homer thoroughly. While Huxley was performing this serious task none of the new propositions of interest to the scientific world escaped his thoughtful attention.

I have elsewhere made note of the fact that the Rev. Dr. Robie, at the age of eighty-three, was a student in the theological department of Harvard University during the summer of 1904. With him was the distinguished Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, seventy-four years old. The latter had been a popular preacher, writer, and lecturer for fifty years, yet he wanted the assistance of Harvard in his purpose to make

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further investigation of certain theological questions, and therefore he placed himself under the instruction of competent professors during the summer months of that year. Entering the University at the same time and for the same purpose, were two other ministers each over sixty years old.

It has been affirmed that men and women who have done nothing great before the age of fifty or sixty, will never do it. This may be the rule, but there are some notable exceptions. As time goes on they have developed a new courage and have accomplished much in their maturer years.

I am writing a portion of this and other chapters of MASTERS OF OLD AGE in August, 1904, in the "Log Cabin" on the high, green-robed, and wooded banks of Fox River near Appleton, Wisconsin. It is the summer home of Mr. Alexander J. Reid, editor of the Appleton Daily Post, and formerly United States Consul to Dublin, Ireland. Clustering around this quiet, restful home, so charming in its natural surroundings, are hallowed associations of the past, and one is touched with a feeling, almost sacred, by the many tender memorials of love.

Here I have had the rare pleasure of meeting

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one of the most remarkable of our Wisconsin women—Mrs. Theodore Conkey, mother-in-law of Mr. Reid. Her life affords an interesting and beautiful illustration of the many new, worthy, and helpful things which can be done during the period of old age. Hers is a life that is constantly reaching out towards something. Although her years have been variously clouded, she makes the most and best of the present and has bright visions of the future. To her activity is life.

Mrs. Conkey is eighty-two, and only recently she resumed her pencil drawing which had been discontinued for nearly forty years. Her later achievements have not only afforded her much congenial occupation, but they have been the source of much delight to her family and friends, and by many competent critics they are considered remarkable. Moreover, Mrs. Conkey has still more recently become interested as a worker in another branch of art. For some time she has been taking lessons in water colors, and has shown herself to be an exceedingly apt pupil—some of her creations, indeed, being lovely companions for her best pencillings.

In the spring and summer time, Mrs. Conkey's morning hours are spent in pleasurable activity among the plants and flowers in her

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garden, for which she has a great fondness, and the afternoons are devoted to reading and drawing. She retains the grace and walk—although of course, not the strength and endurance—of a young girl. Her activity and achievements are, however, not altogether surprising in a woman who has had all the experience of Wisconsin pioneer life, and who had the resolution to join and remain with her husband, who was an officer in the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, during two campaigns of the Civil War.

Dr. Hemphill of Portsmouth, Ohio, a fine type of the old school physician, was in his eightieth year when he determined to take up the study of Hebrew. His youthful ardor and strong mentality well equipped him for the difficult task, and in due course of time he had acquired a practical knowledge of the language.

The career of Mrs. Abrey Kamoo who died in Boston a year ago, is interesting. She was born in Tunis, North Africa, in 1815, and was the daughter of a triplet, a merchant of high social prominence in Tunis. She was a triplet herself, and during her married life of five years she twice gave birth to triplets. Commodore Perry, of Lake Erie fame, brought her to this country, after which she was married to Dr. Enrique Kamoo, a graduate of the Uni-

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versity of Cairo. They made their home in New Orleans, where the doctor died immediately preceding the Civil War.

Mrs. Kamoo's sympathies were with the Union, and in 1862, disguised as a man, she made her way through the Southern camps to the Northern forces and enlisted as a drummer, under the name of Tommy Kamoo. A year later, when it became known that she was a woman, she was transferred to the hospital department, where she served as a nurse to the end of the war.

When Mrs. Kamoo was sixty years old she settled in Boston and began the study and practice of dermatology. For the remaining twenty-nine years of her life she was actively engaged in her profession and as an expert in that science she established a large practice.

It is interesting to learn how much United States Senator Marcus A. Hanna accomplished long after his meridian. Shortly after his death in February 1904, the New York *Financial Chronicle* printed the following significant editorial note:

"The career of the late Senator Hanna was one which could hardly have been possible in any country outside of the United States. A man whose first appearance on the political

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stage, even in a small role, occurred at the age of forty-three, who was not known to the people at large, or suspected of having the qualities of a political leader on a large scale, until he had reached the age of sixty; and who made his first tour of political speech-making when he was sixty-six, is an obvious exception to pretty much all precedent."

The passage of Anthony Donovan of Madison, Wisconsin, from the blacksmith's shop to the municipal bench is of peculiar interest. When he was twelve years old, his patriotism was greatly aroused by the war's enthusiasm in 1861. At the age of fifteen he determined to see some fighting, so he ran away from home, and in February 1865, enlisted in the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, in which he served eight months. On his return home he was placed in a blacksmith's shop, and twenty-two years and two months were spent in hard work at the forge.

But Mr. Donovan could not believe that it was best for him or his family that he should give all the working years of his life to the blacksmith trade. He was no dreamer. The proverb says: "Where there is no vision, the people perish." Mr. Donovan had a vision. He saw better environments and higher life in

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law courts than at the forge. Cold critics and pessimists would say that a man over forty, fresh from the blacksmith's shop, with the "muscles of his brawny arm as strong as iron bands," was not a promising candidate for the learned profession of the law.

But a blacksmith, whose thirst for knowledge was so great and his will power so robust that he could master the tyranny of the smoking habit, and afterwards used his spare money in buying an illustrated edition of the Bible in thirty-two parts, and the Encyclopedia Britannica in twenty-nine volumes, at one hundred and seventy-four dollars, could grasp almost anything within the scope of his dreams.

Mr. Donovan doffed the leather apron in 1888, and two years later he was graduated from the law department of the University of Wisconsin. After practising law two years he was elected to the important office of Municipal Judge for the term of six years. His service on the bench was so creditable that he was reëlected, and his third term came to him as a unanimous testimonial of the esteem in which he is held by his fellow-citizens.

Another example of ambitious old age is that of Mr. Jules Lumbard, perhaps the greatest of all singers of the Civil War. He sang in the

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memorable Lincoln campaign of 1860, and was the first to sing in 1861, the song that electrified the Nation—"The Battle Cry of Freedom."

After his successful career as a singer during the Civil War, Mr. Lumbard removed from Chicago to New York City, where he was employed in the office of the Pennsylvania Railway; and in 1888 he accepted a corresponding position in an office in Omaha. But he became restless in a place that did not stimulate self-reliance and mental activity; so after he passed the age prescribed by Moses in the Ninetieth Psalm, he began to study law, and last year, when he was seventy-four, he was admitted to the bar and began to practise.

Everybody will wish that the patriot who so thoroughly stirred the hearts of the people by his songs in the days which tried the souls of men, will live long to enjoy the fruits of his laudable ambition.

Once Henry D. Thoreau propounded these questions: "Did you ever hear of a man who had striven faithfully and singly towards an object, and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them—that it was a vain endeavor?"

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I use this quotation as an introduction to an interesting bit of personal history which shows the value of aspiration after higher life, although the ardent striving for more favorable environments and better living may not begin till one is sixty years old or more.

In 1897 a woman was living on the South Side, Chicago, who had spent by far the greater part of her life of sixty years on a farm not many miles from that city. Her time had been continually occupied from early morning till late at night by the work of a farm-home. In her case the words in Eusden's Cambridge Commencement poem seemed to apply with special force: "A woman's work, grave sirs, is never done." Living in this condition there was no opportunity for her to enlarge her life or cultivate her finer tastes. As this fact was revolving in her mind, she reckoned that her remaining years might be fifteen—possibly twenty or more. And at sixty she made the resolve that Frances E. Willard made at eighteen: "I will spend my coming years in being somebody and in doing something for somebody."

This strong-hearted and wise-headed farmer's wife persuaded her husband to dispose of the farm and remove to Chicago. This was done, and there they began a new life. The

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change was strange to both of them, but they easily adapted themselves to the unique conditions. The woman took lessons in china painting, then in crayon, and finally in oil. Her work was so well executed that it received praise from the art critics. Besides this, she made herself useful in other lines of endeavor, and at the age of seventy there was so much joy and usefulness in her life that none of her friends could discover that she was growing old.

The time when a man or woman should get out of the harness and cease to be a student in some branch of human knowledge ought not to be limited by age. Only the other day I read of a brave soul in San Francisco who is strengthening her mind as well as her days while she is passing swiftly through the period of advanced life. I regret that I cannot give her name, as she was designated only by "A. C. G.," presumably her initials. Until four years ago she had been a teacher, completing thirty-six years in that profession without the loss of a week during any of the school months. She does her own housework, and at the age of seventy-three is taking a course of study every day and earns her own education. Mrs. "A. C. G.," has the correct idea that the best of life is before her, and her purpose is to work on

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cheerily, hopefully, studiously, and triumphantly to the end.

Does the reader know that Haydn's twelve grand Symphonies were not composed until he was about sixty? And his "Creation," one of the sublimest compositions in oratorio music, was not produced till he was sixty-five. He learned the most when he became what the world would call an old man; for it was during the whole period of his residence with Prince Esterhazy, in Hungary, that he can be said to have educated himself for those great works of his advanced life on which his reputation now chiefly rests.

Thomas H. Benton was one of the most conspicuous men that ever served in Congress, and in some respects he was the ablest. He was United States Senator from Missouri continuously from 1821 to 1851, but he failed in his candidacy for the sixth term. His congressional district then sent him to the House of Representatives, where he sat for two years. Although he was seventy-two years old when he was defeated for reëlection to the House, a new life was opened to him. He wrote his *Thirty Years' View* in two large volumes, which presented a history of the workings of the political parties from the administration of John Quincy

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Adams to that of Franklin Pierce. He then began the difficult task of making an abridgment of the debates of Congress from the foundation of the Government to 1850. Benton was then an old man—about seventy-six—and the last pages of the great work, in fifteen volumes, were dictated in a whisper shortly before his death, he having lost the power to speak aloud.

While Benton was always a student, his most diligent, painstaking work was done after he left Congress. He lived to learn. President Roosevelt wrote an admirable biography of Benton for the American Statesmen series, and among the closing sentences are these words: "Benton grew in character to the very last. He made better speeches and was better able to face new problems when past three-score and ten than in his early youth or middle age."

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CHAPTER IX.

The Last Years of the "Grand Old Man."

N the history of the public service that man has rendered after he had reached the period commonly called old age, there is nothing so remarkable as the career of William E. Gladstone. When he died in May 1898, it was said that England lost the most brilliant intellect ever devoted to the service of the State since parliamentary government began. Gladstone's public life became most picturesque after he passed the age of sixty. Had he retired from public service at an earlier period, human calculation can easily make out what the result would have been. It is certain that he would not have become one of the most prominent figures in English history.

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When he entered the House of Commons in 1832, at the age of twenty-three, he attracted but little attention so far as his work and influence were concerned. Benjamin Disraeli, who became a member of the Commons five years later, spoke slightingly of Gladstone, calling him a young man of small parts and of smaller promise. But in after years, when these two men began to make history, the fact was established that "Disraeli was a skyrocket, and Gladstone a fixed star in the firmament."

The purpose of Gladstone's life was different from that of Disraeli. In all matters of public concern, Gladstone, "like a mighty transatlantic steamship, ploughed his way through fogs and storms, keeping his prow steadily set toward the attainment of the highest ideals." It was by this means that he reached the highest dignity attainable by any British subject—that of Prime Minister, to which he was elected four times—at the age of fifty-nine, seventy-one, seventy-seven, and eighty-three. By the attainment of the highest ideals in private life and public service, he became known as the "Grand Old Man," a title as noble as that of Prime Minister.

But how did Gladstone accomplish so much during the last twenty-five years of his public

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life? What were his habits of life? These are matters with which we have to do in this brief article.

Gladstone did a prodigious amount of diversified work. No man knew better than he how to command the resources at hand. He seemed never to be oppressed or driven to strain his strength. One of the things that made his old age so fruitful was that "no pressure of work made him fussy or fidgety, nor could anyone remember to have seen him in a hurry."

He lived simply and regularly, and was extremely domestic in his tastes. He was frugal without being abstemious, but against luxury, on the table or off of it, he determinedly set his face. Plain living and high thinking was his standard.

Newspapers and various publications have said much about Gladstone's habit of masticating his food. It appears to have become almost an international question, as many accounts of it were given in English and American papers for some years. The popular story was that he attributed his good health and vigor to chewing his food so long before swallowing it. The Hon. Lionel A. Tellemache, who published some of his "Talks with Gladstone," asked him if it were true that he

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ascribed his good health to the practice of masticating his food twenty times. His answer was that when his children were young he told them that, when eating they should think of four bars of music, common time, written in quavers; by which he meant that they were to bite each mouthful thirty-two times. Gladstone himself looked upon this as a counsel of perfection. "He ate very slowly," says Mr. Tallemache, "and I was surprised by this as he talked so much. Montaigne, who never reached old age, had to increase mastication when he had passed middle life, and found it a bar to talking."

Mr. Gladstone had other rules for the preservation of his mental power and physical energy. He felt the importance of sound sleep. He acquired the power of keeping his mind from politics, or business affairs of any kind, after he retired at night. He went to bed to sleep and not to think. Mr. Tallemache says when the great orator, John Bright, was ill, Gladstone mentioned his own rule for sleeping to him, and the former replied, that when lying in bed was the time he did the most thinking about his speeches. This brought from Gladstone the remark that "Bright's imprudence about his health was abominable."

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Another rule for the promotion of health to which Gladstone strictly adhered, was physical exercise. He walked much until he was beyond seventy. He was fond of out-door sports; and when it became impracticable for him to continue his walks, he would dress in his shirt sleeves and devote much time to cutting down useless trees on the Hawarden estate. The story is told that when he was chopping down a tree he received a telegram from Sir George Grey that he would reach Hawarden that evening from Windsor. He read the message, and remarked, "very significant," and quietly went on with his work. "Resting on the handle of his axe, after a few minutes, he said: 'My mission is to pacify Ireland.' He resumed his chopping, and said not another word till the tree was down. One thing at a time, and 'rest everywhere,' were two guiding principles in his busy life."

The Christian religion "guided every day and every act of Gladstone's career. From the straight line of orthodox Christianity he never swerved by the breadth of a hair." He laid much stress on the importance of Sunday rest as a means of preserving health. Attending Church services regularly on Sunday and even on week days, was always restful, as well as

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spiritually helpful to him; but he never liked to hear more than one sermon during the day that compelled him to think. He needed rest for the mind as well as for the body.

Gladstone never troubled himself about the curiosities and the difficulties of certain theological problems. When he was once asked: "If the righteous are to be severed from the wicked immediately after death, what need will there be for a Day of Judgment?" the great statesman simply replied: "I cannot answer such questions. The Almighty never took me into His confidence as to why there is to be a Day of Judgment."

It was natural that a man who so thoroughly understood the art of living should make his last years his greatest. It is no wonder that at the age of seventy-six he could lead the first great battle for Home Rule. It is not surprising that his moral earnestness was as fervent in his eighty-ninth year as when he was thirty. When his "life-clock had already struck eighty-six," he made a thrilling speech on behalf of bleeding Armenia, which led the London *Times* to say that it was an effort unparalleled, even as a mere physical achievement, by a man who was so far advanced in life.

Summing up all things pertaining to Mr.

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Gladstone's life—his intellectual power, and the spirit and purpose of his living—it is not difficult to understand how, in his later years, he became "the most colossal character on the globe."

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CHAPTER X.

Intellectual Work and Longevity.

THE familiar saying, "Not work, but worry, that kills," is a truth well worth remembering. The false impression generally prevails, however, that a life wholly devoted to intellectual work is usually not a long one. In 1898, James J. Walsh contributed to *Annals of Hygiene* a brief article in which he declared that the assumption seems to be that the drain upon vital nerve force, of years of continuous mental effort, exhausts nature's store of energy before its appointed time. He produced a necrological list for the previous year to show that men who devote themselves continuously to scientific investigation along certain lines in

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medicine do not pay for fame in shortness of life.

Mr. Walsh closes his article with this paragraph: "It is more than probable that, given a certain amount of vital energy, its conservation will be best studied by orderly, regular, and constant employment at some work that is at once absorbing in itself and satisfactory in its results. Work of itself, when not excessive, is a tonic and stimulant rather than a depressant of vital energy. Intellectual work, instead of being incompatible with the full cycle of allotted life to the organism, is rather an additional factor in securing the completeness of life by rounding out, developing, and satisfying the higher faculties."

Few men of his day did more brain work than John Wesley. His natural constitution was feeble. But aside from mastering the classics and becoming a linguist of no mean ability, he travelled 250,000 miles, mostly on horseback, and preached 42,500 sermons.

And yet this great evangelist of the eighteenth century was eighty-six years old before he became conscious of the infirmities of age. He ascribed his unusual vigor to constant exercise, his early rising, and his habit of daily preaching, morning and evening. When he

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was eighty he travelled from four to five thousand miles a year. Like Gladstone, Mr. Wesley could command sleep whenever he needed it.

In Mr. Wesley's eighty-second year he made this remarkable statement in his journal: "It is now eleven years since I have felt any such thing as weariness." At the same time he recorded beautiful impressions of nature and books more frequently. He went so far as to compare and criticise Ariosto and Tasso, and indulge now and then in dramatic reading and criticism. He was careful of his physical habits and had a perfect knowledge of the laws of hygiene. Once he said of himself that he never felt lowness of spirits for a quarter of an hour since he was born.

We have a striking instance how intellectual work and longevity have gone hand in hand in the life of the Rev. Andrew Matthews of Gumley, Market Harborough, England, who died in 1897. Besides devoting much time to ministerial work, he had been an earnest student of natural history during the whole of his long life. His achievements while the snow of time was on his head were marvellous. In 1872, when fifty-seven years old, he published a work in Latin, called *Trichopterygidae Illustrata,* illustrated by himself with thirty-one plates,

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detailing the full anatomy of this family of almost invisible insects. It is a black beetle with narrow wings margined with hair, and is usually found among decaying vegetables. With the exception of the egg-parasite, it is perhaps the smallest insect known.

At the age of seventy-three Mr. Matthews prepared a comprehensive description of his favorite branch of natural history for the great American work on the *Natural History of Central America.* But what is most remarkable is that, in his eightieth year he completed a second volume of his work, fully illustrated by his own hand from microscopic dissections of these minute beetles.

After the publication of the first volume, Mr. Matthews, who had lost none of his youthful spirit, was offered the honor of the Fellowship of the Royal Society of England, which he modestly declined "lest his scientific acquirements should be estimated by the number of letters after his name."

Beranger, the greatest song-writer of France, is credited with saying that all good workmen live long. While this may not be literally true, it is suggestive. Men who train their minds with the wisdom that prudence dictates they

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should train their bodies, are slow in growing old physically or mentally.

Emerson says that a man of large employments and excellent performance once remarked to him that he did not think a man worth anything until he was sixty. This is not the belief of many employers nowadays; however, the man did not greatly stumble in his judgment.

The poet and essayist was charmed by the mental vigor of the men who had long passed the accepted age limit. He refers with evident pleasure to the fact that in the old governments the councils of power were composed of men old in years and strong in intellect. The patricians, senators, the presbytery of the Church, and the like, were old in age. And in naming some of the "seniors who feared no city, but by whom cities stand," Emerson tells of the remarkable career of blind Dandolo who was elected doge, or chief magistrate, of Venice "at eighty-four; stormed and captured Constantinople at ninety-four, and after the revolt was again victorious and elected at the age of ninety-six to the throne of the Eastern Empire, which he declined, and died doge at the age of ninety-seven."

But we need not go so far from home for shin-

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ing examples of intellectual activity and longevity keeping company.

The career of John Quincy Adams is a remarkable piece of biographical history. He had been minister to five different European courts, Senator of the United States, eight years Secretary of State, four years President, and yet his fame was not fully established. In his *Twenty Years in Congress,* Mr. Blaine says that it may be fairly doubted whether if Adams' presidency had closed his public life, his fame would have attracted special observation. "But in his sixty-fifth year, when the public life of the most favored draws to a close, the noble and shining career of Mr. Adams began. He entered the House of Representatives in 1831, and for the remainder of his life—a period of seventeen years—he was one grand figure in that assembly. His warfare in favor of the right of the humblest to petition for redress of grievances is among the memorable events in the parliamentary history of the United States. It was in a large degree the moral courage of his position that first fixed the attention of the country, and then attracted its admiration."

As Gladstone won the title of "The Grand Old Man" by the distinguished service he rendered his Government and humanity after he

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had passed his sixtieth year, so Adams was not designated as "The Old Man Eloquent" until he was beyond sixty-five, the age at which the greatest part of his public career began.

It is amazing how much some men have accomplished and others are now accomplishing in the professions under conditions which would smite the average man with discouragement and utter inactivity. We read of Dr. Alonzo Garcelon, once Governor of Maine, attending strictly to his medical practice when he had passed his ninetieth year, and sometimes driving fifteen miles to minister to a patient. And John Frost Irving of New York, is in harness at ninety-two years. He began his career as an author seventy years ago by writing "Indian Sketches," and he still holds on to the pen.

James M. Hoppin, emeritus professor of the History of Art at Yale, neither works nor walks as though he is mid-way between eighty and ninety. His intellectual force is not impaired, and it was only four years ago that he wrote *Great Epochs in Art History,* a work of permanent value to art students.

Among the veterans of intellectual work, is the Rev. Joseph Glass Monfort, D.D., of Cincinnati. He began his ministerial labors and assumed the responsibility of editing a Pres-

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byterian journal nearly seventy years ago. His life has been one of great mental activity. He is now ninety-five years old, but a short time since he was obliged to cease from writing and public speaking on account of the failure of his eyesight. His daughter, Mrs. H. B. Morehead, writes me that her father is perfectly well except as to sight and hearing, "and is enjoying life very much, but of course misses the use of his eyes more than anyone can appreciate."

Oliver W. Gibbs is emeritus professor of Physics and Chemistry at Harvard, and although he is nearly eighty-three, he is the active President of the National Academy of Sciences. And there is Thomas Wentworth Higginson, whose brain has been wonderfully active for the past sixty years, and at four-score he is still busy writing and lecturing.

But one of the most striking examples of long continued professional service and mental activity despite bodily defects is found in the life of Mr. William E. Cramer. He was born in Waterford, New York, in 1817, and was graduated from Union College in 1838. From 1843 to 1847 he was engaged in editorial writing on *The Albany Argus;* and in the latter year he established *The Daily Wisconsin* at Milwaukee. From that time to his death, May

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twenty-first, 1905, a span of fifty-seven years, Mr. Cramer was the editor-in-chief of that paper.

There are those who are seized with the ridiculous notion that when a man reaches the age of discretion—say three or four score years—about the only thing for him to do is straightway to set his house in order. But the life of Mr. Cramer teaches that we ought not to magnify the discovery that we are growing old nor lament if we are fettered by physical imperfections. For thirty-five or forty years Mr. Cramer was without sight, and could hear only by the aid of a speaking-tube. But these bodily disadvantages, which would have hampered and made cowards of a large majority of professional men, did not discourage Mr. Cramer. In spite of these conditions he lived a large life. By energy and industry, by quick perception and remarkable powers of memory and judgment, he practically overcame these physical detriments.

In a note declining an invitation to respond in person at a banquet given in honor of Washington's birthday, in 1905, Mr. Cramer said:

"I have been engaged fifty-seven years in Wisconsin in editing and publishing a daily newspaper, and three years in the same vocation

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in Albany. I have therefore a record of sixty years of work as the editor of a daily newspaper, and I know that this embraces a longer period of continuous editorial work than has been achieved by any other person in the United States, and, without vanity, I can add, in the world. I must soon be called hence, and I want to reserve all my health and my strength to be embodied in my favorite newspaper, *The Evening Wisconsin.*"

That Mr. Cramer accomplished so much under such depressing conditions, is a marvel.

Twice Mr. Cramer visited Europe in company with his wife, and his defect of sight and hearing did not prevent him from writing for his paper while on his journeys many graphic descriptions of men and things as he viewed them.

In Mr. Cramer's case, as in many others I have noted, his mental activity was his life.

Space fails me to tell of others who, having left more than eighty years behind them, seemingly unconscious of the time according to the calendar, are still vigorous and active in intellectual work.

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CHAPTER XI.

"Ought We Never to be Sick?"

AMONG the men whose patience, fortitude, and well-planned work during the last years of a long life should be a keen incentive to those who have arrived at a period called "remnant" of their days, Henry Clay Trumbull is conspicuous. He was born in Stonington, Connecticut, in 1830. His education, which was thorough, was not obtained in a college, and yet he received a Master's degree from Yale, and his Divinity degrees from Lafayette College and from the University of New York. In the Civil War, Dr. Trumbull was chaplain of the Tenth Connecticut Infantry, and was graduated from three Confederate prisons—Libby, Charleston, and Columbia.

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Some incidents in the life of this remarkable man are well worth repeating here. After the war, a life insurance company offered Dr. Trumbull twenty-five thousand dollars a year for his services, which was declined. He preferred to receive one-tenth of that salary as Missionary Superintendent of the New England branch of the American Sunday School Union. This prompt refusal to abandon the Christian educational work in which he was engaged, for a salary as large as that which the President of the United States was then receiving, was a perfect measurement of the soul-standard of the man. He was living to do Christian work, not to make money.

In 1875, when John Wanamaker of Philadelphia—the leader of American merchants—wanted an editor for the *Sunday School Times,* a publication he owned, he found out Henry Clay Trumbull, and offered him the position which was accepted. For twenty-five years the doctor performed distinguished service on that journal.

Dr. Trumbull died in December 1903, and shortly afterwards a correspondent, who believed in faith cure, sent to the *Sunday School Times* a communication in which he emphasized the belief that people ought never to be sick.

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He furthermore criticised the *Times* because it did not support the theory of "divine healing." Under the headline, "Ought We Never to be Sick?" the *Times* printed an editorial in answer to the correspondent, which revealed the wonderful mind and heart of Dr. Trumbull when he was an old man and in a condition of hopeless invalidism. I can quote only two paragraphs:

"The editor of the *Sunday School Times* has more confidence in the heavenly Father's planning for his life than his own planning. The editor has seen so many of the blessings of ill-health that he would not be willing to ask the Father to change what, in His love and wisdom, that Father thinks best to provide.

"To take an illustration close at hand, it is evident to those who knew the late Dr. H. Clay Trumbull, as it was evident to Dr. Trumbull himself long before his death, that one of God's greatest blessings to him was the sending into his system of the disease which, during the last three years of his life deprived him of the power of walking, and made him a 'shut-in.' Because of that plan of God, Dr. Trumbull was freed from the ordinary office duties of editorial work, and was enabled to devote his consecrated powers and accumulated spiritual resources of his

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lifetime exclusively to writing. In this way he was permitted to send God's message in greater fulness and to many more souls than could possibly have been the case in the ordinary course of life had he been in his customary good health. Six books, written in that shut-in period, have extended and preserved his influence for future generations. One alone of those six, *Individual Work for Individuals,* has made a profounder impression for good upon the Christian workers of the world than any other book written by Dr. Trumbull during his long lifetime. Does it look as though the Ohio reader could have planned better than God in this matter?"

No person should be discouraged from entertaining an ambition for length of days. One of the plainest duties of life is to live in harmony with the laws of hygiene that we may enjoy the luxury of a fruitful old age. But if by any cause we become sick, or crippled in body, or sorely bereaved, the best remedy is that prescribed by St. Paul: "To take our part in suffering hardship as good soldiers of Christ Jesus."

The aspect of suffering is always hard; but the old saying is eternally true that, no one is good for much till he has passed through a

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great sorrow. To make the glaring head-light of a railway train of any use there must be darkness. Electricity can be of service as a motive power only when it meets with resistance. Gail Hamilton says that it is the suffering soul that breathes the sweetest melodies. The masterpieces of the world's greatest artists are but transmutations of cheap pigments. And Hugh Macmillan reminds us that the most brilliant colors of plants and flowers are to be seen on the highest mountains in spots which are most exposed to the storms. "There, in the frowning desolation, subjected to the fiercest tempest of the sky, the lichen exhibits a glory of colors such as it never shows in the sheltered valley."

These facts are analogous to certain conditions of human life. The baptism of pain is one of the instrumentalities which God uses for purging away the dross of our natures. And how true it is that adversities are often angels in disguise. Job was a thousand times richer in his understanding of the love of his Maker after he had passed through deep waters. "Explain it as we may," says Dr. Hillis, "the darkness has its discipline and suffering its sanctity. No city has ever built a monument to a man

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who has lived in uniform prosperity, perpetual sunshine, and untempted goodness."

There is a mystery about the distribution of sorrow. It is a matter which any attempt to explain would be idle. The Prince of Peace and Infinite Love could not escape Gethsemane. Neither can we escape it. The reason why the bitter cup comes to everyone is not for us to understand. Nor do we know why a good many lazy and stupid people with an aimless existence, living on little, knowing but little, and doing but little, reach a very old age while the active and intelligent perish untimely, not living long enough to come within sight of being octogenarians. These phases of human life are constantly confronting us, and, as Lyman Abbott says: "Bolt the doors as we may, sorrow and death knock at them, and the immortal strength of love itself cannot keep them shut."

But, paradoxical as it may appear, sickness and sorrow have brought many blessings to the world. I can give but one illustration. At the beginning of the last century, Margaret Haughery, a devoted Catholic, was born in Baltimore. After removing to New Orleans some seventy years ago, death took away her husband and all her children, leaving her in poverty. She ac-

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cepted a position as servant in an orphan asylum, and there she learned to love orphan children. At the close of the Civil War she opened a bakery in that city, and for years drove the bread wagon herself. Business prospered with her, and she became known as the orphan's faithful friend. No poor woman or child ever left her bakery empty-handed. She never wore a pair of gloves in all her life, never owned a silk dress, and could neither read nor write.

Mrs. Haughery was one of the homeliest women in New Orleans, but everybody loved her for her beautiful soul. She grew rich, and all her wealth was used to gladden the lives of the homeless children of poverty. She founded and endowed an asylum for orphans; and when she died in 1882, governors and senators, Catholic priests and Protestant ministers, and the rich and the poor walked side by side in following her body to the tomb. A public square in that city is named after her in which stands a great bronze statue of Margaret Haughery, clad in a simple dress, a plain shawl over her shoulders, and a little child standing by her side with her strong, loving arms around it.

No true soldier is ever anxious to get into a fight, but when a battle is inevitable, he cour-

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ageously faces the storm of shot and shell, and if perchance he escapes with his life, though he may be wounded, and crippled for the rest of his days, he never regrets that he did his duty; and the story of the hardships and dangers of war he never tires of telling.

It is thus with a brave, true man engaged in the business affairs of life. He may wish never to be sick, and may dread old age; but if sickness comes, and his life is full of years, he yields not to discouragement nor complaint, but is imbued with the spirit of the stalwart, faith-filled Paul whose three prayers for the removal of his thorn in the flesh were not answered, yet exclaimed, exultingly: "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my weakness, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

It was this spirit of submission, hope, and a purpose to turn to good account an affliction which the world would call a misfortune, that made the last years of Dr. Trumbull his best. Neither illness nor old age prevented him from making himself master of his fate. His life teaches the lesson found many times repeated in these articles that advanced years afford frequent opportunities for effective service.

The patience and endurance of Dr. Trumbull

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suggest a beautiful sentiment once uttered by Phillips Brooks, which elderly people, particularly, should memorize: "Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle, but you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come to you by the grace of God."

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CHAPTER XII.

Three Distinguished Engineers.

HOMAS HOOD once asked the question, "What can an old man do but die?" The author of "The Song of the Shirt" always held a pessimistic view of old age. He was a chronic dyspeptic. It was hard for him to understand how anyone of sixty or seventy years could be jolly and hopeful. Victor Hugo, speaking from experience, says fifty is the youth of old age. But Hood said, a short time before his death, at forty-seven: "An old infancy is what is to be dreaded."

There are many answers to Hood's question to be found in these pages, and one which is particularly striking is the life of Charles H. Haswell of New York City. He was born in

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1809, and in his young manhood entered a steam engine factory. In 1836 he was appointed chief engineer by the Navy Department, and was the first engineer-in-chief in the United States navy. The first of all steam launches was designed and operated by him. He is called "the father of the steam yacht." He was the first to put zinc into a marine steam boiler, or the hold of an iron steam vessel, in order that the galvanic action of the salt water and copper might be exhausted on the zinc in preference to iron.

Mr. Haswell designed and built several steam frigates and many merchant vessels. He was eighty-nine years old when he received the appointment of consulting engineer of the Board of Public Improvements of the city of New York, and engineer in charge of the extension and improvements on Riker's Island, Long Island Sound. In originality of conception and thorough knowledge of his difficult profession, he has excelled, and his many achievements have brought him recognition from European as well as American sources. Emperor Nicholas of Russia acknowledged Mr. Haswell's scientific attainments by presenting him, in 1853, a diamond ring.

Mr. Haswell is the author of several works,

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one of them being *The Mechanics' and Engineers' Pocket Book,* which he first published sixty-two years ago. The seventieth edition, making a total circulation of about one hundred and eighty thousand copies, was issued in 1904. Mr. Haswell is still a splendid specimen of cheerful, solid manhood. He is ninety-five years old, is in good health, and he now writes a letter which would be a good example to many young students of to-day. A letter from him, dated October 29th, 1904, lies before me. It is written in a hand as small and beautiful as that of Henry Clay's, and bears no sign that its author is nearing the century record. He tells me: "I am well. Rise early, and walk out much. I smoke only moderately. Had a severe and continued indigestion for twenty years, but when I stopped the use of spirits, which I had used with moderation, the trouble was wholly overcome."

Thomas A Morris of Indianapolis, Indiana, is another engineer of honor and fame. He is a remarkable man in his accomplishments as well as in his longevity. He began to learn the printer's art eighty-one years ago. It has been seventy-one years since he was graduated from West Point. Over ninety per cent. of the men and women now living in the United States,

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were not born when Mr. Morris was assigned by the War Department to assist the engineer corps in constructing the National road in Indiana and Illinois. He had charge of the constructing of the Central canal; was chief engineer of the Madison & Indianapolis Railway, sixty-three years ago; was afterwards chief engineer of the Terre Haute & Richmond railway, the Indianapolis & Bellefontaine, and the Indianapolis & Cincinnati line, and was also its president. He served with distinction in the Civil War, and later was selected as chief engineer of the Indianapolis & St. Louis Railway. Mr. Morris is now ninety-three years old. He understands "the philosophy of staying in harness," and is the active president of the Indianapolis Water Company.

Another civil engineer whose life is an interesting study, is George E. Gray of San Francisco, California. He began his work as an engineer on the New York State canals, away back in the forties. He was chief engineer of the New York Central Railway from 1853 to 1865. During the following six years he was consulting engineer of the Central Pacific road; and for fourteen years was chief engineer of the Southern Pacific, and later engineer of various

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other roads comprised in the Southern Pacific system.

At the age of eighty-six, Mr. Gray is active in many enterprises in which he takes an interest. I learn from *Who's Who in America* (1903-1905), that he is one of the trustees of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University; a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers of London, England; and president of the board of directors of the California Academy of Sciences.

Mr. Gray's activity is an impressive reminder of the fact that the man who, at eighty, or any other age at which he retains a healthy mind and does not shrink from any undertaking merely because death is near, gets the best out of life.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Half a Century's Service in One Church.

IT is said of athletes, boxers, and wrestlers, that they have a "second breath." After they have about spent what may be called their first strength, a rallying of the system takes place, when they are said to have come to their "second breath," and can hold out a great while.

Does not this apply to our feelings in respect to growing old? We may have a timid, or a sad feeling to overcome which arises from the consciousness that we are rapidly taking on years, but we soon reach the period when we feel that age is not all embarrassment and decay, but is, as George Macdonald puts it, "the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within that withers and bursts the husks."

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This power of renewing strength, of acquiring the "second breath," is forcibly exemplified in the career of the Rev. Edward Robie, D.D., of Greenland, New Hampshire. The twenty-fifth of February, 1904, marked the fifty-second anniversary of his continuous pastorate of the Congregational Church at that place. Illness had kept him out of the pulpit only a few Sundays during that long period. When the anniversary was celebrated, the doctor had seen the flowers of eighty-three summers. But he was not shelved. He was not too old for practical service. Time had been kind to him, but this was because he always had respect for Time. Therefore, at eighty-three he was young and vigorous in thought and active in the work of the ministry. On the day of the celebration the fact received special emphasis that there was no minister in that section of New Hampshire more abreast of the times than Dr. Robie.

An event of unusual interest recently occurred in the life of Dr. Robie. At the age of eighty-three years he was a student at the divinity school of Harvard University. This was during his summer vacation in 1904. In explaining this peculiar incident, he said that his parishioners, to whom he had preached for over half a century, were particular as to the

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quality of the sermons they had to listen to, and he was simply performing his duty in spending his vacation at the University in doing some extra work in modern theology. Emerson says our best thoughts come from others, and the Patriarch Robie was at Harvard that he might receive new thoughts—new inspiration—and thereby be better able to carry messages of greater power to his congregation.

The work of Dr. Robie at the University emphasized the fact that a man is no older than he feels. And perhaps the surest way to make the baneful dead line of fifty dictum unpopular, so far as the ministry is concerned, is to fill pulpits with the material out of which such men as Dr. Robie are made.

Dr. Robie was born in Gorham, Maine, in April, 1821. He is a fine linguist, a preacher of excellent ability, and in Church history and law he is high authority. Greenland is his first pastorate, and will be his only one. His good people, young and old, who have been so often comforted and strengthened by his faithful ministry, have expressed the unanimous wish that his pastorate at Greenland shall close only with his death.

In October 1904, Dr. Robie wrote me about his habits of life as follows: "I have never been

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what would be called a strong, robust man, but I have seldom had any special ailment or disease. My pastoral care of a country church for fifty-three years has given me work enough for healthful exercise of body and mind, without occasion for worriment or over-work. Moderation in eating and drinking and thorough mastication of food, have been favorable to continued bodily health. And in all and above all, the Lord has kept me alive, given me the assurance of His love, and constant cheerfulness and joy in Him."

As a sunny landscape inspires flowers, so Dr. Robie's benignity and cheerfulness inspire love and reverence. There has been no time in his pastorate extending over half a century, when his affection for his people was stronger, or his influence in the pulpit more uplifting, than in the golden autumn of his life.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Lives that Rebuke the Dead Line Dictum.

THERE are thousands upon thousands of instances which prove that the dead line of fifty is not only false but positively vicious. It is working intolerable harm in many ways, particularly in school rooms and in the ministry.

A splendid rebuke to the notion that a man's usefulness is lost at fifty was the recent action of the school authorities of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in paying a deserved tribute to Superintendent Francis Cogswell, upon the completion of his fiftieth year of service in the schools of that city. On the evening of June twenty-seventh, 1904, over five hundred public officials, principals of schools, teachers, and citizens met in the Cambridge Latin School hall to tender

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their congratulations to the superintendent. It was a fitting reception to a public official who, at the age of seventy-five, was not growing out of his work, but growing into it.

President Eliot of Harvard University paid a fine tribute to the character and ability of Mr. Cogswell. General William A. Bancroft made a highly complimentary address from which I quote a few lines of special interest:

"Ten years ago Mr. Cogswell went to the mayor of the city and said, 'If you think I am too old to be superintendent of schools, I will resign.' He who was mayor smiled, but marvelled much. He did not then think that Mr. Cogswell was too old, neither does he now think that he is too old. Mr. Cogswell is still superintendent.

"Some expression of the high esteem in which this man is held his fellow-townsmen desire to make. As a part of this expression, a committee has caused to be put upon canvas, by the art of a fellow-townsman, a representation of his features. The committee, Mr. Mayor, has requested me to present this portrait to the city, and to ask you, as the city's highest representative, to have it hung in the City Hall. As long as this community shall endure, we think it will be worth while for its people to contemplate the

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character of him whose face this painting depicts."

There is striking significance in this incident. Instead of turning the venerable superintendent "out to grass," as the majority of school authorities would have done, he was honored by a public reception, and continued in the service. Moreover, the large portrait in oil of Mr. Cogswell was suspended in the City Hall that thousands who enter there hereafter may behold the man who, after fifty years of continuous service as an educator, did not grow old in heart nor suffer the impairment of intellect.

Those super-serviceable persons who are continually insisting upon drawing the dead line on a man's activity at fifty or sixty years, will be compelled to leave Mr. John Ueber out of their calculations. He lives in New Orleans, and is the oldest teacher, in point of actual service, in the United States. To his credit are set down sixty-five years of unbroken labor in the schoolroom. The school in which Mr. Ueber was on duty for such an extraordinary period was a private institution, established early in the last century. For over fifty years Mr. Ueber had his brother Jacob for an associate, and the fiftieth anniversary of their joint service was cel-

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ebrated with particular enthusiasm by their former pupils and friends. In 1904, Mr. John Ueber retired from the school, not because of any dead line, but at the urgent request of his children, who thought that after sixty-five years of continuous teaching, he should have some time which he could call his own.

Many of Mr. Ueber's pupils became public men of note. The school was non-sectarian, and was unique because of the fact that the principal text book was the Bible. Pupils of all shades of religious belief were admitted, and there was no proselyting. But one rule of the school was as fixed as the law of the Medes and Persians—all had to study the Bible.

Mr. Ueber is nearly ninety years old. In explaining why he has been spared to enjoy so many years of educational work, he says that he has always lived in contentment. Growing old has not caused him trouble. He has preserved his health by using the good things of this world but not abusing them.

At the time I am writing this chapter, Professor Zephaniah Hopper of Philadelphia, has completed his sixty-second year as a teacher, and for fifty years he has been connected with the Central High School of that city. In 1904 he had reached his eightieth year, and yet the

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pernicious dead line was not drawn upon him. He enjoys the refreshing belief that he is good for several years more of teaching, and the members of the board of education are of the same opinion, for they have requested him to continue his service in the Central school; and in recognition of his long, efficient, and conscientious work in shaping the lives of the young men and women who have been his pupils, the honorary degree of doctor of philosophy has been conferred upon him.

The reception given to Professor Cogswell suggests that President Eliot is in his seventy-first year, and that his educational work is as thorough to-day as it was thirty-six years ago when he became the head of one of the greatest universities on this continent.

Another gentleman whose life and work play havoc with the dead line theory, is James B. Angell, President of the University of Michigan. I do not contend that at the age of seventy-seven his constructive powers are as great as thirty years ago, but there are some interesting and helpful facts which shine out in his life of to-day. He still possesses a remarkable degree of vitalizing force. His strong faculty enables him to "do things" very much as he did before he crossed the half-century line.

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He has lost none of the influence which years since inspired the students at Ann Arbor. Dr. Angell is a cheerful, active gentleman of nearly eighty, whose life teaches the great lesson that there should be an indivisible companionship between a hopeful and aspiring soul and old age.

In this noisy, worrying, complex world it is refreshing to turn to such modest, able educators as those named in this chapter. They are masters of their years. They are also models of "the simple life." And in their profession of training the minds and hearts of boys and girls and young men and women, they are among the great men of their time.

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CHAPTER XV.

When is a Man too Old?

IT is delightful to set one's thoughts on the activities and achievements of men of character, force, and power. More particularly is this true of those who are not worried nor hampered because they are in their eighties or nineties. The story of their manner of living stimulates, infuses new hope, inspires, and makes a man of sixty or seventy feel as if the condition, which is called old age is, after all, something to be proud of.

In an issue of the New York *World,* printed in August, 1904, appeared the following paragraph:

"Almost simultaneously with the event of the nomination of the Hon. Henry G. Davis for the

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Vice-Presidency, the manager of a large manufacturing plant in New Jersey issued an order removing from the pay rolls of the company all employees who had passed the half-century mark; a judge is retired from the bench who has reached the age limit of seventy years, and an army officer, having become sixty-two years old, is placed on the retired list."

One does not have to look far to find instances to prove that this hard and fast rule of discharging employees, and retiring judges and army officers, is unfortunate. When is a man too old to be of service? Must it be taken for granted that a man of fifty is useless to a manufacturing concern? that a judge at seventy is no longer competent to pass upon a case? that an officer at sixty-two has lost his ability to command? A man's age is not always to be determined by the years he has lived, but rather by his energy and power of mind.

There is a surprisingly large number of octogenarians actively engaged in the various professions. And it is said that only a small percentage of the great corporations of the United States are without a prominent official that is eighty years old or more.

Who are the men whose power is still felt in financial circles in New York City? The ablest

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and greatest of them are octogenarians. Only a few of them can be named. William A. Smith, a banker, and "father of the Stock Exchange," is a busy man at eighty-four. Samuel Sloan, chairman of the board of directors of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway, and director in sixteen other railway companies, is eighty-seven. John A. Stewart, chairman of the board of trustees of the United States Trust Company, and a director in a multitude of other financial organizations, is eighty-two. Jacob Daniel T. Hersey, who began to manufacture thread and yarn sixty-seven years ago, is now, at the age of eighty-three, an active member of the Chamber of Commerce.

A unique figure, and certainly one of the strongest characters on Wall Street, is Russell Sage. When he reached his eighty-eighth year in 1904, his visits to his Nassau Street office became less frequent than formerly, but he is yet a power in the financial world. He is alert as ever to great public questions; and has a strong hold on the twenty-four large New York corporations in which he is a director.

William H. Mailler, is a shipping merchant of wide fame. For the past sixty years he has been head of the firm of Mailler & Querean in the Australia and New Zealand trade. Mr.

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Mailler is eighty-one years old, but measured by his capacity for business, he is not more than sixty.

Darius O. Mills, a financier of enormous wealth, is entering his eightieth year. He is a man of many activities. In philanthropic work he is especially distinguished. Between 1895 and 1898 he built two large hotels in New York, at which persons of limited means and of good character, can be served with wholesome and well-cooked meals at from fifteen to thirty cents, and obtain clean and airy lodging rooms at from twenty-five cents to fifty cents a night. Directing personally his many benevolent schemes and his duties as director in eighteen large corporations, he is one of the busiest of the mighty financiers of New York.

The active president of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company is Henry L. Palmer of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He was eighty-five years old in October, 1904, and being perfectly competent to successfully discharge the duties of the office which imposes great responsibilities, the company is not willing that he should retire. Mr. Palmer is one of the most distinguished Free Masons in America. He is the oldest living Past Grand Master, Grand Encampment, Knights Templar of the United

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States, and now holds the office of Grand Commander of the Supreme Council Northern Jurisdiction of the United States, Scottish Rite Masons.

The story of the bodily strength and mental vigor of William Pinckney Whyte of Baltimore reads like a romance. On August ninth, 1904, he became eighty years old, and was one of the hardest working members of the bar of his city. A correspondent of the New York *World* says of him: "His eightieth birthday he celebrated by doing some preliminary work at his office, then rushing to Alexandria, Va., where he tried an intricate case, then coming back to his office and seizing a great mass of correspondence, including a great number of congratulatory letters, hurried to the train for his country home, there at his leisure to read them over and prepare for the next day's busy duties."

Mr. Whyte has been Governor of Maryland and United States Senator. But he likes the law better than politics, and to his profession he bends all his energies; and notwithstanding his four-score years he is now to be found on one side or the other of almost every great case, especially in the State courts where corporate interests are involved.

Instances of longevity are chiefly among the

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abstemious, and Mr. Whyte attributes his robust health to temperate habits.

Sir John Tenniel of London, the self-trained artist, is eighty-four years old. He is famous as a book illustrator, and especially as the cartoonist of Punch. In the art of making cartoons which embody both pathos and humor, his hand has not yet lost its cunning. He keeps himself young by a happy disposition and true gentlemanliness, and still successfully defends his title "as the finest cartoonist who ever put pencil to paper."

Americans contemplate with pride the work of Daniel Huntington, one of our famous artists. He is noted for his fine portraits of Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Agassiz, Bryant, and many others. Among his figure pieces are his exquisite "Mercy's Dream," "Mrs. Washington's Reception," "The Good Samaritan," and "Righteousness and Peace."

Mr. Huntington was eighty-seven years old in October, 1904, was enjoying the rich reward of a life well-lived, and still wielded his brush at his studio in New York.

Eastman Johnson is another busy octogenarian artist to whom Americans pay homage because of his preëminent ability and usefulness in his profession. He has painted the por-

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traits of more of his countrymen than any other artist of his time. The list includes many of the most distinguished public men and women from Alexander Hamilton to Bishop Henry Codman Potter. Medals from all the great expositions of the nineteenth century have been awarded him. And there are many public buildings and galleries in our large cities which his genius has done much to adorn.

Mr. Johnson's old age is blessed with a rare degree of enjoyment. He knows how to live, and to say that truly of any man is a high compliment. Good, red, warm blood still courses through his veins; and at eighty-one he is in no mood to put on canvas a broken palette—a dark picture that Hogarth, at sixty-seven, left behind him as a symbol of old age.

There remain with us many grand old men who are doing conspicuous service in all departments of human endeavor. Chief among those in governmental affairs is King Christian of Denmark, called the "Father-in-Law" of Europe. He is eighty-six years old, but he rules his kingdom with as clear a head and with a sense of justice as thorough as when he ascended the throne in the strength of his splendid manhood, thirty-two years ago.

Intellectual leadership does not always be-

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long to men of middle life. The line for important work cannot be drawn at fifty or even at sixty years. William I. was seventy-four when he commanded the German armies in the Franco-Prussian war. Lord Roberts was sixty-seven when he was made commander-in-chief of the British troops in South Africa, and it was through his leadership that the Boer war closed in favor of the English forces.

After George Dewey left the Naval Academy he waited forty years for an opportunity to make a record for himself, and he was sixty-one before he won his Trafalgar in Manila Bay. Our distinguished Secretary of State, John Hay, had passed his sixty-fourth milestone before he gained the honor of being one of the most brilliant diplomatists of modern times.

A man may have spent more than half his allotted days and yet be able to achieve a greater career than he ever before dreamed of. Chauncey M. Depew says that when Commodore Vanderbilt was seventy years old he was worth about $17,000,000. Even at that age he did not consider himself too old to take up larger business responsibilities. He saw the possibility of railway extension, and beginning with a line only one hundred and twenty miles long, in the following thirteen years he in-

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creased the mileage to 10,000 and added one hundred million dollars to his fortune.

When we hear so much about the thing called the "dead line," whether it be set at forty, or fifty, or sixty, it is pleasant and helpful to study the life of Lord Kelvin. He was born in Belfast, Ireland, eighty-one years ago, and is counted among the foremost scientists of the age.

According to pessimists who fancy that a man is old when he steps over the half-century line, Lord Kelvin is indeed an "old man." But as I am writing these pages, his mental capacity is so great and his attainments so varied and brilliant, that he is not growing out of the work of scientific research, but keeps on working because, to use his own language, "there is nothing else to do." He has every appliance in ventilation and electricity that England and the United States can provide, and it is in his laboratory that one of the master minds of the century works as diligently as when he was in the prime of life.

I want to digress a little and say that when Lord Kelvin was known as Sir William Thomson, he wrote a valuable essay upon the digestive organs of elderly people. His purpose was to suggest a way by which those becoming ad-

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vanced in years could conserve their energies and thereby retain good health. He emphasizes the point that unless care be observed in regulating the diet—reducing the quantity rather than particularizing as to the items of food taken—distressing symptoms will constantly arise. It is much easier to avoid the usual trouble with the digestive organs than to cure it. He holds firmly to the belief that the disappearance of the teeth is a plain indication of the return to second childhood, and therefore the food should be of such a character as may not require the assistance of the teeth to masticate. And he goes so far as to recommend that lost teeth be not replaced by artificial ones lest more food be eaten than the organism can dispose of.

Lord Kelvin is a man of great wisdom in his mode of living; but while his opinion regarding the nonuse of artificial teeth by persons of advanced years cannot be taken literally, the suggestion it offers can hardly fail to be of value to practical men and women.

To carry on life's work bravely and to be serene, patient, and do good during the period of old age is a topic of universal concern. And the cynic and the pessimist are doubtless abashed in the presence of men and women who

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retain cheerful spirit and constructive powers though they live far beyond the span assigned by the Psalmist.

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CHAPTER XVI.

A Group of Young Old Men.

A HAPPY illustration showing how the last years of a long life can be spent in contentment and business activity, I find in the New York *Tribune.* In 1897 the paper noted the fact that deacon David E. Cushing of Cambridgeport, Vermont, had kept the same store for fifty-four years, and hoped to make it full three-score. This item brought an immediate response from Mr. Thomas Cooper of Philadelphia, who, writing the *Tribune,* said:

"Bah! Cushing is only a boy. I have conducted my business in my store, No. 3 North Front Street, for over sixty-six years, have passed eighty-seven summers, and can do a boy's work yet. I have taken the *Tribune* ever since

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it was first issued fifty-seven years ago. I may have the privilege of voting for President in 1900."

Practical people will be pleased to know that Mr. Cooper had the pleasure of voting for President in 1900, and that as late as 1903 he was still selling brushes at the old stand on North Front Street.

For another fine example of faithful devotion to business from young manhood to ripe old age we can turn to the life of Moses C. George of East Boston, Massachusetts, who has operated one lathe for the Manson Lumber Company for fifty years. He claims that his youthful face and figure are due to temperate habits; but his intimate friends say that cheerfulness, an even temper, and absolute freedom from any sort of worry have made him young in appearance and happy in life.

Another striking career of long continuous business activity is that of Mr. L. G. Hurlbut of Gardiner, Maine. When I heard from him a few months ago he had worked fifty-five years at the shoemaker's bench, and was yet serving some of his earlier customers who began to patronize him more than forty years ago. During his life of eighty-three years, Mr. Hurlbut has worked at no other trade than that of shoe-

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making. It pleases the young old gentleman to have the fact known that the pincers he has used constantly for fifty-five years are one hundred and twelve years old. Though never owning a house, he and his wife have lived happily in the same small cottage for more than fifty years. His life is made enjoyable by contentment. He is rational in his mode of life, has formed many friendships, enjoys the advantages of a remarkable memory, and is satisfied that the life he has lived is worth while.

An interesting character among those who find comfort in longevity and constant occupation, is Mr. Henry A. Hinckley of Boston. He has the distinguished honor of being the oldest clock-maker in the United States. He was born at Barnstable, Massachusetts, in 1810, and was apprenticed to a Boston clock firm at the age of fourteen years. Before he was sixteen he made a clock twenty-three inches high in eight hours and fifty-five minutes. When his apprenticeship terminated he made three voyages on a whaler on the Northern Pacific which occupied eleven years. In 1847, Mr. Hinckley returned to Boston, and two years later built the famous electro-chronograph for Professor John Locke, which was subsequently purchased by Congress

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for $10,000 and placed in the United States Naval Observatory.

It was unusual for a man over fifty years old to secure enrollment in the volunteer service in the Civil War; but Mr. Hinckley was successful in enlisting in the Forty-fifth Massachusetts, and after two years of participation in the war, was discharged. When ninety-four years old he enjoyed much of the vigor of his earlier days. He was still at work, normally and healthfully himself, cheerful, sleeping well, and playing the violin, singing many of his favorite songs with old-time unction. He has not permitted Father Time to take from him the spirit and loves of his youth.

Men and women usually obtain what they aspire after. It is the constant striving for the highest possibilities commensurate with our varying conditions and abilities that makes longevity healthful. I have in mind another modest and venerable tradesman who furnishes striking evidence in this matter.

Amariah V. Haynes of Woburn, Massachusetts, became an octogenarian several months ago. He has worked at harness-making for sixty-one years without an interruption, and at the writing of these pages he confidently expects that several years more will be pleasantly spent

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astride his favorite stitching-horse. That he might enjoy good health and be able to work steadily, Mr. Haynes' habits have been distinctly temperate. He tells me that he has never lost a day from his business on account of illness.

Mr. Haynes is religiously cheerful and hopeful. He says he lives to get the most out of life, and in this matter he is very successful. One characteristic of the man is worthy of mention. He has been a member of the Masonic fraternity for thirty-eight years, and it is his boast that in all that time he has never been absent from a meeting of the lodge. Once when he was confined to his home with a sprained ankle, his fellow-members, in order that he might maintain his exceptional attendance record, called at his house and carried him in their arms to the lodge room.

Perhaps the most remarkable career achieved by any locomotive engineer in the railway world is that of Mr. Benjamin S. Moore. In March, 1904, he celebrated the fifty-third anniversary of his employment in such capacity on the Central Railway of New Jersey. Fifty-five years ago he became associated with the company and only a few months since had a firm grip on the lever of a switch engine at the Elizabethport

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shops. Mr. Moore is described as being healthy and active, and when questioned as to his habits of life, he said that his success in holding his responsible position for more than half a century could be ascribed to his love of his work, a contented mind, a faithful discharge of his duty, and good digestion.

In September of last year the citizens of Washington Court House, Ohio, united in paying honor to the Hon. William Millikan, who had reached his ninety-eighth year. At that time he was editor of the Fayette County *Herald,* and was the oldest editor in the United States. His business activity included about eighty years, and yet the weight of almost a century of life was not heavy enough to compel him to throw aside the responsibility of editing his newspaper. Mr. Millikan has been temperate in all things, is a plain liver, has taken abundant exercise, and finds enjoyment in his extreme old age.

The career of Mr. Jeremiah C. Lotz has recently attracted much public attention. Forty-two years ago he was appointed from Indiana to a position in the counting department of the internal revenue bureau at Washington. He has been continuously in the revenue service since that time. It seems that his plan of living has

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not been of the common or indifferent sort. At the right time he began to adopt such a mode of life as would not only insure good health and prolong his days, but make his usefulness secure. In both a physical and mental sense, Mr. Lotz is now reaping the results of a well-ordered life. He is also enjoying the distinction of being one of the most trustworthy officials in the internal revenue department. Although he is over eighty years old, he reaches his desk promptly at nine o'clock every morning, and for forty-two years there has been no exception to this rule.

The simple life, the constant activity, and the longevity of these modest workmen suggest a few lines from Holmes: "By temperance and good habits of life, proper clothing, and sufficient exercise, the old man of our time may keep his muscular strength in very good condition. I doubt if Mr. Gladstone, who is fast nearing his eightieth birthday, would boast in the style of Caleb, that he was as good a man with his axe as he was at forty, but I would back him —if the match were possible—for a hundred shekels, against that over-confident old Israelite to cut down and chop up a cedar of Lebanon."

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CHAPTER XVII.

Bryant's Habits of Life.

ONE of the most eloquent sermons on the preservation of the mind and body is found in the every-day life of William Cullen Bryant. The death of any man who has lived beyond four-score years ought not to be considered a surprise. But the passing away of Mr. Bryant startled every intelligent man in America. At the age of eighty-four he was so buoyant in spirit and active in mind and body, and the poetic fancy still survived in him "as though it had drunk from the fountain of eternal youth," that his passing from the busy scene of life was a surprise as well as a sorrow.

The manner in which the author of *Thanatopsis* maintained such freshness of spirit,

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and performed so much literary labor long after he was three-score years and ten, is an interesting study. His habits of life became so important a matter to the public that in 1871, at the request of a New York publisher, he prepared the following statement:

"I have reached a pretty advanced period of life—78 years and 4 months—without the usual infirmities of old age, and with my strength, activity, and bodily faculties generally in pretty good preservation. How far this may be the effect of my way of life, adopted long ago, and steadily adhered to, is perhaps uncertain. I rise early—at this time of the year about half-past five; in summer, half an hour, or even an hour, earlier. I immediately, with very little incumbrance of clothing, begin a series of exercises, for the most part designed to expand the chest, and at the same time call into action all the muscles and articulations of the body. These are performed with dumb-bells, the very lightest, covered with flannel; with a pole, a horizontal bar, and a light chair swung around my head.

"After a full hour, and sometimes more, passed in this manner, I bathe from head to foot. When at my place in the country, I sometimes shorten my exercise in the chamber,

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and going out, occupy myself for half an hour or more in some work that requires brisk exercise. After my bath, if breakfast be not ready, I sit down to my studies until I am called. My breakfast is a simple one—hominy and milk, or in place of hominy, brown bread, or oatmeal, or wheaten grits, and in season, baked sweet apples. Tea or coffee I never touch at any time. At breakfast, I often take fruit, either in its natural state or freshly stewed. After breakfast I occupy myself for a while with my studies, and then, when in town, I walk down to the office of the *Evening Post,* nearly three miles distant, and after about three hours, return, always walking, whatever be the weather or the state of the streets. In the country I am engaged in my literary tasks, till a feeling of weariness drives me out into the open air, and I go upon my farm or into the garden and prune the trees, or perform some other work about them which they need, and then go back to my books.

"At the meal which is called tea, I take only a little bread and butter with fruit. In town, where I dine later, I make but two meals a day. Fruit makes a considerable part of my diet. My drink is water.

"I never meddle with tobacco, except to quar-

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rel with its use. That I may rise early, I, of course, go to bed early; in town as early as ten; in the country somewhat earlier. For many years I have avoided, in the evening, every kind of literary occupation which tasks the faculties, such as composition, even to the writing of letters, for the reason that it excites my nervous system and prevents sound sleep. I abominate all drugs and narcotics, and have always carefully avoided everything which spurs nature to exertions which it would not otherwise make. Even with my food, I do not take the usual condiments, such as pepper and the like."

In the article, "Age in Relation to Mental Activity," found in another part of this volume, it will be seen that some of Mr. Bryant's best work was done after he passed the age of seventy years. During the last ten or fifteen years of his life he appeared on many special occasions as a public speaker. He was an orator of splendid powers.

On the twenty-ninth of May, 1878, Mr. Bryant delivered the oration at the unveiling of the statue of the Italian patriot, Giuseppe Mazzini, in Central Park, New York City. It was a masterpiece of descriptive oratory. The afternoon was intensely hot, and during the exercises, Mr. Bryant's uncovered head was exposed

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to the burning rays of the sun. When he had concluded the oration, he walked in company with James Grant Wilson to the home of the latter, and as they were about to enter the house, Mr. Bryant fainted, striking his head upon a stone step. Hemorrhage in the brain soon followed, and on the twelfth of June, his life, which had been singularly pure and fruitful, came to an end.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Some Remarkable Centenarians.

A SHORT time ago *Leslie's Weekly* said that centenarians are not such a prodigy in the world as to make the simple attainment of one hundred years of life an event calling for special comment. This is true. To last one hundred years with no particular purpose in view, is one thing; to live one hundred years, or even to a high average of longevity, behind which is a practical aim, is a different matter entirely. Many persons have existed for a century; others have actually lived a century. For lack of space I can name only a few centenarians from whose lives some lessons can be drawn.

The real life of Colonel George L. Perkins is a fascination. He was born at Norwich, Con-

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necticut, August fifth, 1788, and died in the same city September sixth, 1888. Centenarians are rare enough at best, but Colonel Perkins was an exceptionally choice and noble specimen of his species. Some facts of his life possess a peculiar interest. He passed away only seven teen years ago, and yet he remembered Washington well; was a paymaster in the United States army in the war with Great Britain in 1812; was a member of the committee to welcome General Lafayette in 1824; was one of the incorporators of the Norwich and Worcester railway in 1836; was elected treasurer of the company when he was forty-seven years old, and was active in performing the duties of the office upwards of fifty years. He outlived eight of the nine presidents of the company, and more than ninety directors. He voted at eighteen presidential elections, and cast his ballot at every state and general election for seventy-six years. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune,* noting the celebration of Colonel Perkins' one hundredth birthday, suggests that it is hard to realize that only nineteen such lifetimes, one after another, "would reach back from the present year beyond the birth of Christ!"

But how can the Colonel's century of life and remarkable activity in private business and an

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unlagging interest and participation in this world's affairs for eighty years be accounted for? The correspondent referred to says that Colonel Perkins so admirably preserved his body and mind that without information concerning his age no one who met him for the first time would ever imagine that he had passed further along in years than the seventies. He made it a law to adapt himself easily and happily to the conditions surrounding him, and by that means was "singularly free from senile prolixity." His excellent health was largely due to his fine care of himself, and his buoyant and amicable disposition. He studied the art of preserving health with splendid carefulness. This, it is said, was his only hobby, and "the wonderful success that attended his efforts in that direction not only justified riding it freely, but lends to his convictions and precepts great value" to those who are interested in prolonging a life worth living.

Mrs. Perkins reached her ninetieth birthday, and it is pleasant to record the fact that they lived together as lovers for seventy-one years.

When Dr. John H. Kellogg, editor of *Good Health,* Battle Creek, Michigan, was in San Francisco in 1903, he met Captain C. E. D. Diamond of that city, who at that time was one

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hundred and seven years old. The doctor says he was a remarkable representative of the results of sober and temperate living. He had been engaged all his life in active muscular pursuits, and could then outdo the majority of young men in athletic performances.

Dr. Kellogg gave Captain Diamond an examination, and found no evidence whatever of physical degeneracy. The cheerful centenarian ate two meals a day, consisting chiefly of fruits and nuts. He had never made use of stimulants or narcotics of any sort. He stands as a splendid example of what can be done by a natural, wholesome mode of living, as a means to attain a happy old age.

California has another centenarian in the person of J. J. Overton, who has lived in three centuries. He is a citizen of Long Beach, and his business is that of a peanut and candy vender. He was born in Warren County, Pennsylvania, in October 1797. He is a veteran in military service, having been in the Black Hawk Indian War, the Mexican War, and by some means he was enlisted in the Civil War when he was sixty-seven. His activity at the age of one hundred and seven is surprising. In the summer of 1904 he walked to Los An-

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geles, twenty-two miles. A walk of three or four miles a day he calls moderate exercise.

Mr. Overton is quite a philosopher. When he feels ill, he refrains from eating until his health is restored. He never takes medicine; and he attributes his long and peaceful life to abstemiousness in diet, having always lived on plain, coarse food. He claims that the majority of people eat too much. An epigram of his is worth remembering—"Digestion is the key to life."

Mr. Wolf Weismann, a Russian Jew, of Hoboken, New Jersey, attained his one hundred and fourth year in 1904. He had always been interested in the accounts of long-lived persons of various countries, and therefore was prepared to speak intelligently on the subject of longevity. When asked to give the press his views on old age, he said that it was good to be old, if one had lived as he ought to. Though past a century old, he enjoyed life as much as when he was thirty. He made the happy expression that every man ought to be "an evergreen." Nature had always been his model—sturdy, straight, wholesome, and refreshing.

Mr. Weismann stated that the nervous American sleeps too much. Instead of sleeping so long, he ought to walk much out of doors. He

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offered the suggestion that if one would live happily and healthily he should be with children as much as possible, as they can teach elderly people much of the beauty and simplicity of life.

In all his reading about long-lived races and individuals, Mr. Weismann said he was constantly impressed with the influence of contentment of mind. It seemed to him that in spite of all the efforts of modern science, enlightened Americans and Europeans cannot compete with certain barbarous, almost uncivilized peoples, in the matter of prolonging the span of human life.

Mr. Hiram S. Cronk of Oneida County, New York, was one hundred and five years old in April, 1905, and died May thirteenth, 1905. He was the most distinguished centenarian in the country, not because of his great age, for there are others who were his seniors, but because he was the only survivor of the War of 1812. He fought with his father and two brothers at Sackett's Harbor, New York, May twenty-ninth, 1813, when the Americans repulsed an attack by the British.

A curious fact which has drawn much public attention to Mr. Cronk is that the Board of Aldermen of New York adopted a resolution which gave him a public funeral.

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Mr. Cronk lived on the same farm seventy-five years. I am unable to obtain direct information concerning his mode of life except that his habits were temperate and that he had been exceedingly active in taking personal management of the farm up to the time he had rounded out a century of life.

He voted at twenty successive presidential elections, beginning with John Quincy Adams in 1824, and had he been at home he would have voted for President Roosevelt in 1904. This time-worn veteran spent his last days in great peace, and being quite a philosophical man, he must have felt highly honored that when life's long journey ended, his burial would be an imposing public occasion. Mr. Cronk was a devout Christian. His heart was tuneful to the end and he was able to carry the tunes of the old, familiar hymns in a fairly good voice.

Men of four-score years must seem young to the Hon. David Wark, LL.D., of Fredericton, New Brunswick. It was last year that he became one hundred and one years old, and it was in prime health that he celebrated the gladsome event. The pleasure of the occasion was heightened by a congratulatory message from King Edward.

Mr. Wark was born in Belfast, Ireland.

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Most of his life has been spent in the Dominion. He has been a member of the Senate since 1867, and has not been absent from any session of that body during the thirty-seven years of his official life. He has been longer in public service than any other legislator of the present day, having devoted more than sixty-two years to politics. Still an active Senator, he is a leader in many reforms. In 1903, Sir Wilfred Laurier offered to place a government car at the disposal of the Senator that he might travel with comfort from his home in Fredericton to Ottawa, the capital, but Mr. Wark declined, preferring to make the journey in an ordinary coach.

The habits of persons who have reached great age, particularly centenarians, is always a matter of common interest. Mr. Wark says: "I made it a rule to eat nothing that disagrees with my digestion, no matter how palatable the food may be. This is why I discarded beef, mutton, and pork. My diet is simple, and I live much out of doors."

It was by no extraordinarily good luck, nor an inborn quality of endurance, that enabled Dr. Du Boisy of Hanover, Prussia, to celebrate his one hundred and fifth birthday. From the beginning of his professional career his chief am-

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bition was to enjoy good health that he might render successful service to the sick. As late as 1897, at one hundred and three years of age, the doctor was able to make his daily rounds among his patients.

William Reynolds Salmon of Cambridge, Glamorganshire, Wales, died in March, 1897. He was the oldest known individual of indisputably authenticated age, the oldest physician, the oldest member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and the oldest Free Mason in the world. Dr. Salmon's creed was that life should not be measured by years, but rather by the amount of time devoted to worthy pursuits. His habits were of such a character that even in his last years physical nature hardly ever suggested to him that he was growing old, and his spiritual nature was so full of fervor and hope that he ever felt he was going onward and upward.

One of the most distinguished centenarians of Europe is Professor Manuel Garcia of London. He rounded out a century of life on March seventeenth, 1905. For a long time he was professor of vocal music in the University of London. Three events of his life are noteworthy: He made his debut in Italian opera in New York City, eighty years ago; he was the voice

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teacher of Jenny Lind; and he is the inventor of the laryngoscope.

His one hundredth birthday was celebrated in a manner befitting the professor's character and service. He was received by King Edward at Buckingham Palace, who bestowed on him the Commandership of the Victorian Order. Later Professor Garcia attended a reception held under the auspices of the Laryngological Society, where he received an enthusiastic welcome, and the Spanish Charge d'Affaires invested him in behalf of King Alfonso with the Royal Order of Alfonso XII., while Professor Fraenkel of Berlin, representing Emperor William, presented to him the Gold Medal for Science. He was also the recipient of many congratulatory addresses, one of which came from the New York Academy of Medicine and another from McGill University of Montreal.

These special honors were not bestowed on Professor Garcia simply because he had lived a hundred years. They were inspired by the fact that in old age as well as in younger manhood, he had been of service to mankind. He had never been unmindful of the laws which strengthen both body and mind; and to this is largely attributable his remarkably good health at the close of a hundred years on earth.

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Dr. J. M. French says in *The Medical Examiner,* that of five hundred and eighty centenarians interviewed by newspapers in the United States during the two years previous to 1903, all gave the same rules for long life, namely these: First, regular habits; second, work; third, plenty of exercise in open air; fourth, simple food; fifth, marriage; sixth, the avoidance of worry. But Dr. French offers the opinion that heredity is one of the most important elements in extreme individual longevity, while a high average longevity is promoted mainly by favorable environments, good mode of life, better hygiene in health, and proper care when sick.

As to the conditions which promote a high average longevity, referred to by Dr. French, Peter Cooper, the celebrated inventor, manufacturer, and philanthropist of New York, is an encouraging example. He did not inherit a strong constitution, and in his case as in many others, the fact that he reached a ripe old age (ninety-two) can be ascribed only to his careful mode of living. He subjected himself to no influences or exposures which cut off the great mass of men in civilized countries from living out their natural lives.

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CHAPTER XIX.

The Case of Cornaro.

THE experience of Luigi (Louis) Cornaro in respect to longevity and its relation to diet and temperance is one of the most interesting and instructive that has ever been recorded.

He was a Venetian gentleman of a noble family, and some authorities say he was born in 1463. Other writers fix the date of his birth three or four years later, but this slight difference of opinion as to when he came into the world is of no consequence since the fact is not disputed that he became a distinguished centenarian.

In his young manhood Cornaro started out on a life of riotous living, which continued until

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he was nearly forty years old. He became so wasted by dissipation of many kinds that his life was despaired of. When he realized that intemperance and sensuality were rushing him to a premature death, he resolved to reform his habits. He adopted strict rules of frugality in eating and drinking and frequent but gentle exercise. By this means he prolonged a cheerful, happy age covering over one hundred years, his death occurring at Padua, Italy, in 1566.

When Cornaro was eighty-five he wrote his celebrated treatise, *The Certain Method of Obtaining a Long and Healthful Life,* in which he held that with increasing age and diminishing powers, a corresponding decrease in the quantity of food must be taken in order to preserve health. This little volume passed through thirty different English editions, and has been translated into many European languages. I will quote three paragraphs from the book to illustrate Cornaro's quaint way of setting forth his case:

"There are old lovers of feeding who say that it is necessary that they should eat and drink a great deal to keep up their natural heat, which is constantly diminishing as they advance in years; and that it is, therefore, their duty to eat heartily, and

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of such things as please their palate, be they hot, cold, or temperate; and that, were they to lead a sober life, it would be a short one. To this I answer that our kind Mother Nature, in order that old men may live still to a greater age, has contrived matters as that they should be able to subsist on little, as I do, for large quantities of food cannot be digested by old and feeble stomachs. By always eating little, the stomach, not being much burdened, need not wait long to have an appetite. It is for this reason that dry bread relishes so well with me; and I know from experience, and can with truth affirm, I find such sweetness in it that I should be afraid of sinning against temperance, were it not for my being convinced of the absolute necessity of eating it, and that we cannot make use of a more natural food. And thou, kind parent Nature, who actest so lovingly by thy aged offspring, in order to prolong his days, hast contrived matters so in his favor, that he can live upon very little; and, in order to add to the favor, and to do him still greater service, hast made him sensible, that, as in his youth he used to eat twice a day, when he arrives at old age he ought to divide that food of which he was accustomed before to make but two meals, into four; because thus divided, it will be more easily

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digested; and, as in his youth he made but two collations in a day, he should, in his old age, make four, provided, however, he lessens the quantity as his years increase.

"And this is what I do, agreeably to my own experience; and, therefore, my spirits, not oppressed by much food, but barely kept up, are always brisk, especially after eating, so that I am obliged then to sing a song, and afterwards to write.

"Nor do I ever find myself the worse for writing immediately after meals, nor is my understanding ever clearer, nor am I apt to be drowsy, the food I take being in too small a quantity to send up any fumes to the brain. Oh, how advantageous it is to an old man to eat but little! Accordingly I, who know it, eat but just enough to keep body and soul together. I eat only twelve ounces of solid food per day, consisting chiefly of bread, broth, and eggs, mutton, perhaps chicken or pigeon; some kinds of fish, such as pike, all of which are proper for old men."

At the age of ninety-one and ninety-five, Cornaro put forth two other books on the subject, each glowing with the same cheerfulness and enthusiasm which were characteristic of the first.

How much Cornaro's abstemious habits must

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have had to do with his remarkable vitality may be inferred from the fact that having, when seventy years old, met with a terrible accident by which his head and body were terribly battered and a leg and arm dislocated, he recovered —although physicians had pronounced his injuries fatal—almost without medical treatment and without feverish symptoms.

The case of Cornaro is full of common sense, instruction, and encouragement; and it goes without telling that many have been immensely benefitted by adopting, in a fair measure, his wise regimen and abstemious habits.

Richard A. Proctor gives an interesting account of Thomas Wood, who became known as "the abstemious miller." By unnatural living he had grown excessively corpulent and was suffering from a number of ailments, including violent rheumatism and gout. When he read Cornaro's little treatise on "A Sure Way of Prolonging Life," he adopted the rules therein prescribed, and soon found his health well established, his spirits lively, his sleep no longer disturbed by frightful dreams, and his strength of muscles so far improved that he could carry two hundred and fifty pounds at the age of fifty, whereas at thirty he had not been able to lift much. What added greatly to his comfort as

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well as to his health, was the loss of about one hundred and fifty pounds of flesh.

A countless number of scientific experiments and individual experiences make it certain that persons who are fifty or beyond, and of delicate structure, can enjoy good health on a simple, well-balanced diet. Leo XIII. was about as frugal as Cornaro, and lived a little over ninety-three years, and almost to the very last he did a great deal of hard mental work.

Of late years Mr. Horace Fletcher, who is a modern Cornaro as to diet, has written much on nutrition and sociology, and his experiments at the laboratories of various Universities in this and other countries concerning dietary matters are important. He advocates small rations for everybody, and grows strong on his own medicine. After a thorough scientific research relative to human nutrition, Mr. Fletcher greatly reduced the quantity of his daily food with remarkably beneficial results.

He is now fifty-four years of age, and not long ago he made seven hundred and fifty miles in ten days on a bicycle through Germany and France. It required the expenditure of considerable energy to cover seventy-five miles each day, but he made the trip successfully on a diet

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consisting of rolls, milk, cream, potatoes, and beans.

To further test the practicability of his nutrition scheme, Mr. Fletcher climbed the Washington monument—eight hundred and fifty-four steps—and ran down the entire distance without stopping or being fatigued.

It should be added that Mr. Fletcher did not inherit a robust constitution.

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CHAPTER XX.

Women Centenarians.

HEN the census of the United States was taken in 1900 it was ascertained that there were 6,298 persons between the ages of ninety-five and ninety-nine. Of this number, 2,432 were men, of whom 618 were foreign born. Of the 3,866 women, 813 were of foreign birth. Those whose ages were one hundred years or upwards, numbered 3,536—men, 1,289, women, 2,247—the foreign born being 191 and 228 respectively.

It will be seen that far more women than men have attained the rank of centenarians. This is true in England, France, and Germany, as well as in the United States. The reason is obvious. Women, as a rule, are freer from

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mental worry and exposure to the various casualties, indiscretions, and other causes to which illness and untimely death are so often due. It is a fact of common interest that with rarely an exception, all the centenarians had been married. The concensus of opinion among them is that marriage promotes longevity. Only one woman of the many centenarians interviewed on this point, was opposed to that opinion.

Miss Eliza Work of Henrietta, New York, lived one hundred and five years. She gave only two reasons why she lived so long: Because she never had drank tea or coffee; and, "above all," to use her own words, "I never got married." Her brother lived to see his one hundred and first birthday, but his sister was obstinate in holding to the opinion that he would have lived much longer had he never drank tea and coffee, and remained single. "People," she said, "who drink such things, and then aggravate the matter by getting married, ought not to expect to live long."

Of some of the many women who lived to pass the century milestone, it is worth while to make special mention. Mrs. Sylvia L. Dunham, who was born in Connecticut, in 1800, is widely known as "The Grand Old Woman," of that state. Up to 1904 she took care of a gar-

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den, and never failed to take daily exercise in the open air when the weather permitted. She was careful of her habits, using only simple, nourishing food, and never took stimulants of any kind. Her tranquility of mind was remarkable.

Mrs. Dunham lived to enjoy the enthusiasm attending twenty-two presidential campaigns. The incidents of her life which she regards with greatest pride and pleasure are: Born July seventeenth, 1800; at five years of age rode in a stage coach; at forty, in a canal boat; at ninety-nine, in an electric car; at one hundred, in an automobile.

Another centenarian of American production was Mrs. Deborah Powers of Lansingburgh, New York. She was the wife of William Powers, an oilcloth manufacturer, who lost his life in 1852 by the accidental burning of varnish. After her husband's death, Mrs. Powers succeeded him in the business, and took into partnership her son, Albert E. Powers, who is now eighty-seven years old, and is still working. The firm was known as D. Powers & Son, for the continuing of the family enterprises. She gave the vast business her personal attention, and established a bank in connection with the oilcloth factory, and amassed a large fortune. She re-

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tained her vigor of mind and body as head of the firm until her death in May, 1891, at the age of one hundred and one years.

It was by no patent right that Mrs. Powers was able to live beyond a century. While she was a woman of unusual energy and ability, and labored diligently, she was the embodiment of wisdom in caring for her health. She understood from the beginning of her extraordinary career, that health is the soul that animates the body and makes success in life possible.

Mrs. Polly Mays died at her home in Franklin County, Maryland, in December, 1898, at the authenticated age of one hundred and eleven years. Her health and physical vigor were well preserved up to within a few months of her translation. Three months prior to that time, Mrs. Mays climbed a steep mountain, and could walk a mile or more with but little fatigue. Her youngest child was sixty-six years old, and her eldest was eighty at the time of her death.

It does not appear from the record that longevity was a feature of Mrs. Mays' family. She was wise in her manner of living. She enjoyed life; and in her sphere, though it was humble, it was a life worth while. Her extreme old age was one of happiness, and brought great pleasure to her household.

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Recently the citizens of Fayette, Ohio, manifested their appreciation of an old resident who had rounded out the full measure of one hundred years—Mrs. Amelia Du Bois. The public schools closed that the children might join in the festivities of the occasion. Hundreds of scholars, teachers, and prominent citizens assembled at the opera house where appropriate exercises took place.

This demonstration was not prompted solely by the fact that Mrs. Du Bois had lived a century. She is an exceptional centenarian. Every faculty of her mind is alert and responsive. Her life is full of sweet contentment, and therefore she is a joy to the household. She is an accomplished needle-woman, and devotes much of her time in preparing gifts for her friends.

The crossing of the century line cannot, in most cases, be attributable to "good luck." As a rule, behind such lives are a purpose and a mode of living which count for much in the attainment of extreme old age. Here is another case illustrative of this fact.

Miss Rachel Martense of New York City was one hundred and three years old in 1904, and except for a dislocated knee, she could walk about the house without trouble. As a shrewd observer of humanity she has lost none of her

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acuteness of former years. Many times people called at her home in Flatbush Avenue, and out of curiosity would ask to see the centenarian. When their names were announced, the old lady would smile and remark: "They think they're going to see a mummy, but they'll find I haven't lost my wits yet."

When Miss Martense was interviewed by press representatives, on her one hundred and third birthday, she was cheery and talkative, and as to the care of her health, she said:

"I never tried hard to live to be even one hundred years old. I took good care of myself, kept early hours, ate plain, well-cooked food, and let nothing worry me at all. I think that is the secret of my age.

"Then, again, when I was young I did not dress in what was called the height of fashion. I liked plenty of room in my clothes so that I could breathe deeply and not be encumbered by a lot of clothing. I never did any tight lacing.

"I did such work as came to my hand, and did it uncomplainingly. I spent much of my time out of doors and never took any intoxicating drinks. I always had my food boiled when I possibly could and avoided rich foods of all kinds. I never cared for rich foods and rich gravies. I always liked to eat plenty of fruit

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and drink milk. I never over-ate in any way, and was not very fond of sweets.

"I think any person can live to a ripe old age who will do a fair share of work and refuse under all conditions to do any worrying. Early in life I discovered that it does not pay to worry."

Evidently Miss Martense's splendid temperament and abounding good humor contributed very largely to her health and length of years. At the time of the interview she was as sweet and amiable as when in the full strength of womanhood.

Among English centenarians of recent times was Mrs. Elizabeth Hanbury, who passed away at Richmond, in October, 1901, having attained the age of one hundred and eight years. Miss Sanderson was born of Quaker parentage, in London, in June, 1793. When the celebrated Elizabeth Fry began the systematic visiting of Newgate prison, Miss Sanderson joined her in the labor and continued the work for many years. She was especially assiduous in visiting convict ships for women; and was associated with other leaders in many branches of reform, benevolent, and philanthropic work.

After her marriage, in 1826, to Cornelius Hanbury, she spent much of her time among

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the prisoners in Stoke Newington; and on one occasion when she was pleading before the Home Secretary for the life of a poor prisoner, she was met with the reply: "Mrs. Hanbury, I can not alter the law; but, if I were accused, I should like to have you plead for me."

In the course of time Mrs. Hanbury became an acknowledged minister among the Friends. During her long life she maintained a deep interest in religious and benevolent undertakings, and was able to do much reading and writing after she passed her one hundredth year.

Mrs. Margaret Anne Neve, whose life measured one hundred and ten years, died in England in 1903. Her last thirty or forty years were not simply an existence, as many might suppose, but were lived for a purpose. She always had something to do. She never lacked resources. She was past one hundred before she ever thought of going into retirement.

When Mrs. Neve was ninety years old she set out alone for Cracow, in Austria-Hungary, to see the memorial erected to Kosciuszko, the famous Polish patriot and general. After her one hundredth birthday she walked to and from church regularly. For forty years after she reached three score years and ten she was able

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to do what many men and women of to-day would hesitate to do at half her age.

A great many who have attained extreme longevity have no other claims to distinction, but it was different with Mrs. Neve, says the London *Spectator*. She was a useful woman to the day of her death. Her life was so orderly in all things—and here is the beauty of it—that "she lived in joyful contemplation of the happiness of the past." She could freely comprehend the beautiful sentiment of the Prophet Zechariah, "At evening time it shall be light"; and out of her own heart could believe with Lord Bacon that above all, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc Dimittis*—"Now let Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

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CHAPTER XXI.

"At Evening Time it Shall be Light."

IN 1882 Mr. Benjamin William Leader, of England, executed a painting which at once became famous because of the poetic suggestiveness of its meaning. The old church of Whittington, with its great black yew-trees and mossed tombstones, has endured a long day of storm. The building, as well as the tombstones, seems as if it may have stood for centuries. This part of the picture cannot be otherwise than solemnly impressive. It is just such a scene as Hogarth might have painted in his last years. All is decay. To some it would seem as if death ends all.

But the picture has another view. Upon the drenched landscape at last bursts the sunshine

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and the long hours of gloom end in a ruddy glow which foretells a fine to-morrow. It is not difficult to interpret the meaning of the artist. Behind the gloomy church, the old sepulchres, and all the dismal surroundings, is the glow of a lovely sunset.

So, often-times it happens that a human life has to endure heavy storms, weariness, and sadness until the day of its existence draws nigh to a close. Then the storm passes away, and the evening of life becomes filled with a golden peace, and like the old church and the black yew-trees, the somber past, thus illumined with that mellow light, seems to have a solemn beauty of its own. This delightful theme is taken by Mr. Leader from a line in the seventh verse of the fourteenth chapter of Zechariah, "At evening time it shall be light."

There are discouragements of many sorts in the present life. Time and again our hopes are gone, and we become depressed by the conditions suggested by the scene in the foreground of the picture just described. Particularly is this true with elderly people. Age comes on, the strength of our former years has departed, our burdens seem to grow heavier, the clouds hang lower, and life is harder to live. Too many aged persons dwell on the things sug-

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gested by the gloomy features of the picture, while their hearts are turned from the golden sunset which the artist borrows from the beautiful sentiment in Zechariah's prophecy. Christian faith has everything to do with our happiness in the Indian summer of life.

Talleyrand had one of the greatest intellects France ever produced. His career was remarkable. But Carlyle wrote of him: "He lived in falsehood and on falsehood." On his eighty-third birthday his feeling found expression in these doleful words:

"Eighty-three years of life are now past; filled with what anxieties, what agitations, what enmities, what troublous complexities; and all this with no other result than a great weariness, physical and moral, and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future, and of disgust for the past."

For a man so shamelessly corrupt, immoral, and selfish, there could be no light at evening time.

On the other hand, an incident in the life of Dr. James Scott, of Maine, is worth relating. By the time he was sixty he was overtaken by some business misfortune. The vicious dead line of fifty worked to his disadvantage. While the lines had not fallen unto him in pleasant

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places, he was not discontented, neither did his manly courage fail him. He seemed to grasp the great fact that the brightest sunshine that gladdens the earth is liable to be overhung with black clouds. And therefore in the day of his troubles his good temper and his Christian faith were not at a discount.

Mr. Scott concluded to engage in a profession in which no dead line of fifty or sixty was ever drawn. He entered a medical school, graduated with honors, and for more than twelve years he was a successful practitioner. During all this time there flashed upon him the beautiful light at evening time.

We all know the heart-burnings which Mary Clemmer Ames (Mrs. Hudson) must have endured for some years during her first marriage. A short time before her death, in 1884, when in the prime of her intellectual powers, she wrote a friend:

"Though I am not old I have sounded the deeps and shadows of all that is called society till I feel through my heart of hearts that all that is of real value is the lowly contrite spirit, the clear mind, the loving, consecrated heart; all else is emptiness, vanity, vexation of soul. I am very happy solely because I have reached that upper ether of spiritual calm which envy,

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jealousy, and malice cannot reach. I do common work, plenty of it, but in a spirit of consecration which ennobles it—at least for me. At last there can be no beauty for you or me but the beauty of holiness."

Mrs. Hudson never realized so vividly the splendor of the sunset so beautifully illustrated in Leader's allegorical painting, as when she lived in fatal invalidism caused by an accident in 1878.

In a large measure life's evening takes its character from the day which has preceded it. If we stand four-square in relation to all the storms, disappointments, and hardships of life, there will be light at evening time. Goodness, love, noble aspirations, an implicit faith in immortality, alone can give vitality to the closing years of a long life.

When I read Zechariah's prophecy there leaps into my mind the story of James Watt's career. His improvements in the steam engine were so important and fundamental that he is practically its inventor.

Watt has been called one of the most extraordinary men England has produced. Yet he was always delicate and suffered throughout his life from frequent attacks of wretched nervous headaches. His organism was full of weakness

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and pain, and he was hardly ever free from desperate depression of spirits. And yet how marvellously important was the work he accomplished!

His apprehension that his powers of mind had been worn out, happily remained groundless to the hour of his death in 1819. It is said of Dr. Samuel Johnson that in the latter part of his life, in order to satisfy himself that his mental faculties were not impaired, he began to learn a new language, and fixed upon the Low Dutch, and finally was able to read much of Thomas à Kempis in that unattractive tongue. And Watt, in his old age, when he fancied that his powers of mind were weakening, determined to test his ability to learn the Anglo-Saxon language, an undertaking that brought most satisfactory results.

Sir Walter Scott having met Watt when the inventor was eighty-two, describes him as the alert, kind, benevolent old man, his talent and fancy overflowing on any subject. "This gifted man of science," says Scott, "was then as obstinate a peruser of fiction as if he had been a very milliner's apprentice of eighteen."

It was light at evening time with Watt. Notwithstanding that nearly all his life had been spent amid clouds and storms, "the element of

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immortal freshness" seems to have found a place in his heart, and at eighty-four his earthly life closed in hope, sunlight, and calm.

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CHAPTER XXII.

"Keep on the Sunny Side of the Street."

HEN Dr. Robert Collyer, the widely known and highly honored Unitarian minister, became an octogenarian, two years ago, he gave out a recipe for living long and being happy. He has had experience. He practises what he preaches. He knows all about the twists and the turns, the ups and the downs of the long journey from the small blacksmith's shop in Shoemakertown, Pennsylvania, to the great pulpit of Unity Church, Chicago, and later to that of the Church of the Messiah, New York City. His prescription for a long and beautiful life is as simple and terse as the sermons which have made him famous. It is within the reach of everybody. No druggist can furnish a substi-

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tute for it. It cures nine times out of ten. It is this: "Cultivate a good temper. Live a natural life. Eat moderately of the food that agrees with you. Keep on the sunny side of the street."

To those who are growing old, here are some suggestions in practical wisdom. Be patient. Do not rush into extremes. Adopt a wholesome, and a well-balanced dietary. To live naturally is to keep the mind clear and the heart clean, and to take reasonable exercise in the open air. An old writer of much good sense has said: "When men lived in houses of reed, they had constitutions of oak; when they lived in houses of oak, they had constitutions of reeds." This illustrates how injury may come to the body through an insufficient supply of oxygen, which used to be called "vital air."

Dr. Collyer is a noticeable example of the effect of rational living. He is ever on the sunny side of the street. He carries sunshine wherever he goes. He knows nothing about doldrums. He is a strong character in cheerfulness, amiability, and tranquility. His message to the aged is one that always rejuvenates.

Miss Louisa May Alcott once said that a part of religion was to look well after the cheerfulness of life and let the dismals shift for them-

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selves. This sentiment suggests some facts in the life of Miss Fannie Dean of Glenwood, Iowa. So far as money goes, she is a child of great misfortune; but in cheerfulness, and in loving service to those in need, she is a millionaire. In all the walks of her humble life she keeps on the sunny side of the street. In 1904 she was seventy-nine years old and was earning two dollars a week at the washtub, her strength not permitting her to earn more. Out of this pittance Miss Dean assists in educating two girls in India, and regularly gives ten dollars a year to a school for blind negro children in the South. In Christian zeal, in hope and good cheer, she is not surpassed by any woman, old or young, in Glenwood.

Some people have all the music of their lives set in the minor key. They take to the shadowed side of the street. Their imagination, when wrongly exercised, is one of the worst of foes, particularly to elderly people. Many persons live in perpetual discomfort because their minds are not employed in useful ways. This sort of thinking is carried so far that they imagine that the world is against them. However hard one's lot may seem to be, there is room for hope and an opportunity for some kind of worthy achievement.

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At the present time there lives in Casey, Illinois, a sweet-tempered invalid, Lizzie Johnson. For many years she has not been released from pain, and so helpless is she that her head scarcely ever leaves her pillow. Taking human nature as we generally find it there is occasion enough for her to do much grumbling because of her hard condition. But no words of discomfort come from her lips. More than that, she is as industrious as she is resigned and cheerful. During the past fourteen years, by making simple articles of various designs, she has gathered in some eight thousand dollars, which has been wholly devoted to mission purposes.

The value of a loving temperament and a bright countenance is shown by the testimony of an eminent Chicago physician who, for obvious reasons, withholds his name from the public. He once had a patient in the hospital whose fits of depression undid the work of most of the medicine prescribed. For some time he could not understand it. The nurse was homely in her personality, was not sweet-voiced, and perhaps was not quite as sympathetic and tender as a nurse ought to be, but she was skilled in her profession and was a devoted worker among the sick. Once she was called away from the city by the death of her mother, and a substitute was

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provided. The new nurse was somewhat inexperienced, was not as regular nor as skilful in giving medicine as her predecessor, but she had a gracious manner, spoke in a tone almost bewitching, her countenance was always winsome, and her mirth impressible.

The patient began to mend rapidly, and the physician gave his remedies credit for the delightful change in the man's condition. But in the course of two or three weeks the old nurse returned and took her place in the sick-room. It was not long before the patient had a relapse. His fits of gloom returned, it appeared that medicine had lost its power. One day the sick man said to the physician: "Doctor, would you mind sending back Doris? I don't believe you can help me, anyhow, but I feel better when Doris is here; she is so jolly." Simply to humor him, the favorite nurse of the physican was dismissed, and Doris was recalled. A rapid change for the better took place in the patient, and in two months he was able to return home.

It is said that the nurse of smiling face, of blithe spirit, is fairly sharing honors with the distinguished physicians of Europe.

It pays to keep on the sunny side of the street. That light-hearted octogenarian, Lord Kelvin, who does as much brain work as any

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philosopher of his age on earth, recently addressed the students of St. George's Hospital, London. He told them that they must not expect patients to be healed by such things as drugs and splints alone. He made it very plain to the students that doctors ought to make use of cheerfulness and kindness; and last, but by no means least, spiritual consolation.

When Miss Edith Franklin Wyatt, author of *Every One His Own Way,* was at Bryn Mawr College from 1891 to 1893 as a student, she was called "the girl in the cheering-up business." She was ever on the sunny side of the street. Her life was full of light. She taught the beneficence of laughter. The rejuvenating force of cheerfulness was exemplified in her everyday life. The girls who were homesick, and discouraged; "girls who were behind in their studies, and tired students, went to her for a bit of sunshine and encouragement and they always found it." In Miss Wyatt the faculty of cheerfulness and wholesome humor, is a divine gift, and it is just as much her business to spread sunshine as it is to earn a living by her well-trained mind. She is a born maker of happiness.

If ever a man walked on the sunny side of the street it was Oliver Wendell Holmes. He al-

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ways walked in the light. He was one of the great "joy-makers" in our literature. The doctor had a wonderfully joyous, sanguine vitality. His humor was exceptional and extraordinary. With his inherent goodness and beauty of character was an exuberance of humor; and when people smiled or laughed at what he said, the smile or laughter came from the very soul of the reader.

Contentment with one's lot and a cheerful view of life and all its demands, are important factors in promoting longevity. Some philosopher has said that there is such a thing as "laughing wrinkles away."

Some time ago a railway train made a stop at the quiet village of Rexville, New York. A passenger put his head out of the window and began to chat with several octogenarians who were standing in front of the station house. He said to one of them:

"I should think you would have a pretty lonesome time living here."

"What," was the answer, "lonesome, and three trains a day?"

This gray-haired veteran understood the philosophy of life. He had found a sunny side to eighty years. Wholesome living with contentment is great gain. This is the way to live

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if we want to live long and be joyous. Any other course of personal habits will bring us into judgment.

The late Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, was a grand old man. He was a great statesman, a profound scholar, a splendid Christian gentleman. Once, in speaking of his every day life, he made the characteristic remark: "I have never got over being a boy. It does not seem likely that I ever shall." He was right. So far as blithesomeness is concerned, this grand old man of the United States Senate never got over being a boy. His sweet, infectious smile was not to be forgotten by those who met him. Even in the hot debate in the Senate, he would smile benignly upon his antagonist no matter how bitter or angry that antagonist might be, and would seem to say: "I smile on that man because I want to encourage him to make out as strong a case as possible. I have a stronger one myself, and can smile even while he is doing his best to confound me."

The venerable Daniel Kimball Pearsons, M.D. of Chicago, is distinguished for his philanthropy. He celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday in April, 1905, by giving $150,000 to five colleges in the mountain regions of the Southern States. He keeps on the sunny side of the

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street. His life is full of kindness and joy. When he gives $25,000 or $100,000 to a worthy institution he smiles; in fact he always laughs when he separates himself from his money. His great joy in his old age is giving. This is his hobby, and he rides it remarkably well. He gives, and laughs, and keeps in good health.

Besides a solid Christian faith, some useful employment, and a stomach that is never abused, there is nothing in longevity that pays so well as cheerfulness. It is a hobby that every man and woman ought to ride. It has been called the bright weather of the heart. It is a wonderful tonic for old age.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

The Art of Living.

HORTLY before the distinguished minister, lecturer, and reformer, Theodore Parker, passed away in Rome in 1860, he uttered this lament: "Oh, that I had known the art of life, or found some book or some man to tell me how to live, to study, to take exercise. But I found none, and so here I am." His body, which was never strong, had broken down about mid-way of what should have been his length of useful days. He was a month or so past fifty, and his life's work was done.

In some regards Mr. Parker's habits of life were reasonably simple. But his portrait, taken at forty-eight, makes him look like an old man. Something was wrong. His biographers say that he indulged in "vigorous exercise," which,

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considering his weak frame, was almost suicidal. Then, again, his mental work was out of proportion to his physical capacity. In one year he read three hundred and twenty volumes, and his plans for further reading, writing, lecturing, and preaching, were so extraordinary as to be dizzying to any ordinary mind. It is no wonder that his life went out at the early age of fifty. It was a most tragic waste of faculty. What he gained in intensity of labor he lost in time.

Theodore Parker did not make the most of his opportunities. He worked the wrong way. There was a great life before him. But there was too much of the unhealthy sentiment in it that "man is born to a few days and full of trouble." He drove himself to an early death. Many others do the same thing but in different ways. They do not take into account the penalty of intemperance—not in over-feeding and careless drinking—but in improper exercise, and in too much mental strain in unfavorable conditions. It was Montaigne who said "there is nothing so handsome and lawful as well and truly to play the man; nor science so hard as to know how to live this life."

A man is said to be rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let

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alone. This thought brought from an old philosopher the remark when passing a crowded bazaar in which everything attractive and costly was for sale: "How many things there are in this world that I do not want!"

It is one of the many great pities that there is so much truth in the saying of Montaigne concerning the living of this life. It is as surprising as it is deplorable that the mastery of the appetites, the cultivation of good temper, the exercise of careful judgment, should be catalogued among the great difficulties of life. What men and women need most is "life more abundantly," but how few, comparatively, succeed in obtaining it. Too many come short of grasping the remedial and vitalizing agencies which spur them on to make the highest development and render the best service in this world. The question not only involves righteousness from a spiritual view-point, but skill and prudence in all matters pertaining to hygiene.

In one of Thomas Starr King's sermons is a story of an Eastern monarch who was a noble ruler, but who received a message from an oracle that he was to live only twelve years more. He instantly resolved that he would turn these to the most account, and double his life in spite of destiny. He fitted up his palace gorgeously.

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He denied himself no form of pleasure. His magnificent gardens were brilliantly lighted from sunset to sunrise, so that darkness was never experienced within the circuit of his estate; so that, whenever he was awake the stream of pleasure was ever flowing, and even the sound of revelry was never still. Thus he determined to outwit the oracle by living nearly twenty-four years in twelve. But at the end of six years he died. The oracle foreknew and made allowance for his cunning scheme. "No doubt the monarch on his death-bed saw the vigor and despotism of the laws of life with which it is vain for infinite art and will to wrestle."

The story is a fable in form, but true in spirit. The monarch was wrong. No man can crowd twenty-four years in twelve. It is solidly and scientifically true that a man cannot transgress the laws of nature and live an active life of three-score years and ten. It is by doing only rational things that the more abundant life can be obtained.

Nowadays we read many theories about how to live long. But the simple lapse of years is not life. There is more to life than eating and drinking, "pacing around the mill of habit, and turning thought into an implement of trade."

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William Dean Howells says: "As you get on in the forties you will understand that life is chiefly what life has been." But this cannot be regarded as the rule. The real life—"life more abundantly"—comes many times after one has reached advanced years. It is the result of daily duties well performed. One of the best evidences we have of a life lived according to the highest art, is the soul of the man reflected in the face—in his conduct.

Rufus Choate and Daniel Webster were once opposing counsels in an important case in which the size of certain wheels was involved. Mr. Choate was a man of rare eloquence, and "filled the air with the rockets of rhetoric and dazzled the jury." But Mr. Webster was the wiser man. He caused the wheels to be brought into court and placed behind a screen. When he rose to make his plea, the screen was removed, and his only reply to Mr. Choate's powerful eloquence was, "Gentlemen of the jury, here are the wheels!" The wheels themselves had a greater influence over the jury than Mr. Choate's argument. So the man whose life is large, whose heart is the receptacle for some elements of good, whose daily living is a prayer for power to meet every task, stands for more in relation to old age and practical service than

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all the theories concerning how to grow old which are being constantly preached from a mere physical point of view.

Had Theodore Parker clearly understood the larger, calmer, and healthier life, it is safe to say that no physical breakdown would have taken him to Rome to die. He once said that he was many times asked to preach a sermon on old age, and when he was forty-four he responded to the request, and the sermon was delivered in Music Hall, Boston. But he could not preach from experience, for he was not old. He could speak only from observation. He could see what a beautiful thing is the old age which crowns a noble life, of rich or poor. He could refer to Franklin, whose careful living carried him to the age of eighty-four; and to Alexander Von Humboldt, who accomplished more at eighty than most men of genius could achieve at forty. But as to himself, Parker could say nothing. The sap of life was out of him before the thought of studying how to live impressed itself upon his mind. During all the years of his wonderful mental activity he forgot that a man cannot keep young, nor long maintain his usefulness, by over-taxing his strength.

It is a great privilege to live to an old age

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that is beautiful. The art by which one can attain to it may be difficult in many respects, but it is worth striving for. Thinking out a life of continued hope and service, and then pressing toward the mark of such high calling, is not impossible to the average man or woman who is ambitious of exercising a fidelity to every trust. In this matter, as in most of the affairs of life, the saying of George Crabbe is true: "Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way."

When the late Richard Salter Storrs, D.D., in the earlier years of his ministry, spoke from his pulpit on the beauty of old age, he was not dealing in sentimentality. He was sincerely endeavoring to impress upon the hearts of his hearers one of the great facts of life. When the doctor was approaching four-score years, he not only experienced all the beautiful emotions which ought to belong to old age, but his mental powers remained unimpaired; and his oratory, to the last year of his life, was so graceful and strong that his splendid sentences, falling from his lips in rapid succession, would fit in his discourses with the precision of the keystone of an arch.

While the art of living is not one of the lost arts, far too many persons of all classes do not

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understand it as they ought. But conditions are gradually changing for the better. I have observed elsewhere in this volume that some of the best known bankers and merchants in Europe and the United States are well advanced beyond three-score years and ten, and are still in the very prime of their powers. They are lusty patriarchs, hale and hearty, although many of them are carrying the burden of eighty years. These vigorous governors of great corporations and directors of huge enterprises seem to have mastered the art of living.

United States Senator John Fairfield Dryden of New Jersey, President of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, says the facts are abundant tending to prove that useful longevity is being attained by men and women with an increasing degree of frequency in our country, and he quotes an authority who affirms: "It is certain that our American men at sixty are not broken up as badly as our fathers were at forty."

If old age should be beautiful in its usefulness, and if the human frame is a greater piece of mechanism—"a higher expression of creative skill than the solar systems"—the business of reaching after the best possible standard of physical, moral, and spiritual living ought to be the chief purpose of life.

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Miss Susan Brownell Anthony is a shining light among octogenarian women of America. She has thoroughly studied the art of right living. This has been as much the business of her life as that of attending every National Convention of the Woman's Suffrage Association for the past thirty-seven years.

While carefulness in eating and taking helpful exercise in open air and dressing in an easy, comfortable fashion have contributed immensely to Miss Anthony's longevity, there is another auxiliary that needs to be mentioned: "She has had something for which to live. Work has been her physical salvation. The cause in which she has been so indefatigably engaged has been an inspiration. It has lent elasticity to her step and has sent the blood throbbing through her veins with the delicious tingle of achievement." Next to taking care of her health, Miss Anthony's high ideal was usefulness, and her life's work has been so widely approved that when she celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday in February, 1905, the love and appreciation of her co-workers were tendered her in the form of greetings from the equality clubs of Finland, Switzerland, Holland, Austria, Germany, Australia, and from all quarters of North and South America.

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I cannot close this chapter without saying a few words concerning Dr. Nathan Smith Davis of Chicago, who died in 1904, at the age of eighty-eight. He was one of the greatest physicians this country has produced. His professional practice extended over a period of sixty-eight years.

From the time Dr. Davis was twenty years old, he began the serious study of the art of living. He never lost the spirit of youth. His simplicity of manner, his benignant qualities and kindness of heart, and his Christian zeal were always a part of the man. "To know how to grow old is the master-work of wisdom, and one of the most difficult chapters in the great art of living." But he mastered the art, and by precept and example he never ceased his efforts to teach it to others. During the last years of his life he walked every day to his office, a full mile, only the stormiest days making an exception to this rule. He maintained that his vigorous constitution was attributable to proper exercise, to moderate diet, and to abstention from liquor and tobacco. The plain, common sense laws of life and health were his constant guide.

Dr. Davis was a prophet in his profession. He was a missionary with a message, and this

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message he proclaimed throughout his life. To those well on in years, and who are wise enough to believe that nothing comes too late, the message will be helpful. It marks out the only pathway to soundness of body, mind, and soul.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

General Grant's Last and Greatest Victory.

IT has been said that the best ages of the world, the best hours of history, are in touch with the periods of struggle. And we turn to the lives of men and women whose hair is whitened with age, and whose bodies have become infirm by disease, to find some of the most inspiring examples of human achievements. It requires a storm of thunder and lightning and wind to purify the air and make perfect the purpose of simmer. Time and again it has taken the weight of years, or an invalidism born of disease or of accident, or of natural defects of body, to bring out the highest qualities of manhood and womanhood. It is worth remembering that "no

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portion of Paul's wonderful career was productive of more solid results than the years of his imprisonment at Rome."

General Grant's greatest victory was not won in his forties at Donelson, nor at Vicksburg, nor at Appomattox. His most heroic days were spent in his sixties, among the moaning pines on the summit of Mt. McGregor when he was battling with a painful disease. The record of those days forms one of the most pathetic chapters in American biography. It not only illustrates the sublime courage and purpose of the man, but teaches us how to strengthen the things which remain and to make the most of what is left.

It will be remembered that in 1883 General Grant invested all his savings in a banking business in New York City, organized under the firm name of Grant & Ward. The General had no business training, he knew nothing whatever of the art of money-making, and being very confiding, he was easily imposed upon by designing persons. He could save a nation, but could not save himself and family from the unblushing rascality of his partner who wrecked the bank in May, 1884. By this event, Grant was plunged into financial ruin. Having nothing left with which to support his family, he

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was urged by book publishers to begin at once the preparation of his Personal Memoirs, which shrewd bookmen readily saw would give him a comfortable fortune.

At that time General Grant was a little over sixty-two years old—just in the prime of his mature manhood. He started to work on his Memoirs in the summer of 1884, but hardly had he put pen to paper before he began to suffer from a persistent irritation in his throat. A month later physicans discovered that cancer had begun its deadly work at the root of the tongue. But this soldier of iron will, of marvellous self-reliance, of physical and moral courage equal to any emergency, patiently and bravely put himself to the task of writing the record of his life. His chief purpose in making this fight against pain and disease was, that after he had passed away his wife might not become an object of charity, nor dependent upon the generosity of the American Congress for support. General Grant wrote as rapidly as his sufferings, and a careful examination of official documents, would permit. It was a race between death and his endurance.

In the winter of his life, when the sea of trouble rolled fiercely against him, his courage and hope shone above the storm like the cliff in

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Goldsmith's grand simile in "The Deserted Village":

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm.
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

General Grant's disease became so alarming that on the sixteenth of June, 1885, he was removed to the cottage of Joseph Wilhelm Drexel, on Mt. McGregor, near Saratoga, New York. Two days after his arrival at the cottage, he wrote on a card these pathetic words: "It is just a week to-day since I have spoken. My suffering is continuous." But this did not cause his pen to lag. It is said that he composed more matter in the eight weeks following the first of May, 1885, than in any other eight weeks of his life. During the two months prior to his death, he wrote fifty pages of the book in as many days. On the first of July, he worked continuously four hours, and on the second, three hours. Hovering between life and death, in almost constant agony, and speechless from disease, this heroic soul patiently struggled through his daily task, and laid down his pen only when the book was completed—four days before he fell asleep, Thursday, July twenty-third, 1885.

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General Grant's purpose was accomplished. He fought a good fight, he finished his course, he kept the faith. The sales of the work in two volumes were enormous. In less than two years after he died, Mrs. Grant received $395,000 as her share of the sales of *Personal Memoirs,* and later her share reached $500,000.

Such a successful literary undertaking, produced while the author was in the unrelenting grasp of disease and past three-score years, can find no parallel in history.

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CHAPTER XXV.

Some Characteristics of Longevity.

IN the literature pertaining to longevity there is much to encourage those who are advanced in years. The heart may weaken somewhat, the body shrink, the hair whiten, the teeth decay, but after all there is enough left on which one can establish a useful and enjoyable old age.

George M. Humphry, M.D., of England, says that in a close examination made some years ago it was found that in three hundred and sixty-two persons over eighty years old, the arteries were found to be knotty or abnormal in only four cases, even in two hundred and fifty-seven, and tortuous in seventy-one. The pulse was compressible in three hundred and

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eleven cases, and unnatural or incompressible in only seventy-two. In a large majority of cases, therefore, the arterial system appeared to present a healthy condition in those who had lived beyond the allotted years of man.

According to Dr. Humphry, the action of the heart did not vary much as age advanced. From eighty to ninety years it averaged seventy-three to seventy-four in men, and seventy-eight to seventy-nine in women. It was said to be regular in three hundred and twenty-two cases out of four hundred and seven, and irregular in only eighty-five.

The failure of nutritive force in the brain manifests itself sometimes in the lessening of that power of concentration and quickness of attention upon which the sharp stamping of impressions and the ready recall of them, depends; hence the memory of recent events is commonly impaired. But Dr. Humphry remarks that many of the very aged persons examined were in possession of normal mental faculties. He also says that it was satisfactory to find that the active and long-continued functional activity of the matured brain seemed in no way to impair its enduring qualities, and that good, earnest, useful employment of body

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and mind, are not only compatible with, but even conducive to longevity.

Among the many excellent examples of this preservation of mental and bodily faculty to extreme old age is that of Titian, who painted his famous "Pieta"—now in the gallery at Venice—in his ninety-ninth year, and it is said to tell of his incomparable steadiness of hand.

Dr. Humphry is firm in the belief—founded upon investigations—that the aged people are not, on the whole, prone to disease. No special malady, he is assured, seems to visit them. The nutritive processes are said to be more easily led astray in early life, when they are in greatest activity, than in old age.

W. R. C. Latson, M.D., of New York, published in *Health Culture,* a short time ago, the results of a careful examination as to certain physical characteristics which are usually associated with longevity. His conclusions are as follows:

First. Ninety-nine out of one hundred people have curvature of the spine. The octogenarian is the hundredth man. His spine is a straight line, his head erect, his chest broad and deep. This means that the vital organs are properly supported by the attachments provided by nature, and that they do not rest upon

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and crowd each other. The heart, lungs, stomach, liver, and kidneys are thus enabled to do their work unimpeded.

Second. Another important characteristic of those who achieve longevity is the habit of slow, deep respiration. Deep, full breathing means an immensely increased amount of oxygen ingested, and an equally augmented quantity of poisonous matter eliminated by the lungs. Mental quietude is essential to proper breathing. The excited man, the emotional individual, who suffocates with joy, palpitates with enthusiasm, chokes with rage, gasps with astonishment, sighs from the intensity of his attachments—the emotional individual by every inequality in his respiration, abbreviates his life.

Third. The old person—the hale, vigorous, healthy old man—moves easily, lightly, silently. He has always moved that way. That's the reason he is here now instead of with others who, with their gasps and sighs, their clinched brows and twirling thumbs, their intense emotions, and complaints, are gone and forgotten.

Fourth. Those who live long are invariably small eaters. Gourmands die young. The octogenarian is always frugal. The enormous physiological task of digesting and excreting daily pounds of food not needed by the organ-

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ism, is not performed by the frugal eater, and so he has the more vitality to expend in thought, in working and in living out his century. We live not so much because of what we eat as because of what we do not eat.

In an article on "Exercise for the Aged," published in *Good Health,* John H. Kellogg, M.D., of Battle Creek, Michigan—a voluminous writer on matters pertaining to health and longevity—agrees with Dr. Humphry in an important particular. He says:

"Recent observations have shown that the arteries which convey the blood to the brain retain their natural size, taking on these changes much later than other parts of the body. Hence it is that the brain maintains its integrity to a more advanced age than do most of the organs. This very fact shows the value of exercise in delaying the approach of old age. The average brain does more work as years advance, while the average body does less. It is only the brain that has been accustomed to constant, systematic activity that is exempt from the senile changes that occur in other parts."

Another characteristic of old age is given by the Rev. William Jowett of England, who said many wise things when writing on how to grow old naturally. He suggests that the aged are

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less disturbed by care and the world. We begin to understand that things never really matter so much as we supposed. We are able to see them more in their true proportion instead of being overwhelmed by them. We are more resigned to the will of God, neither afraid to depart nor over-anxious to stay. We cannot see into another life, but we believe with inextinguishable hope that there is something still reserved for us.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

Conditions for Longevity.

THE question of the possible extension of human life has attracted considerable attention among medical men and scientists of Great Britain of recent years. Sir Henry Thompson's volume on *Foods and Feeding* and the later edition of his little book, *Diet in Relation to Age and Activity,* have doubtless set thousands to do some practical thinking on the subject of reforming their habits of life, especially as they relate to food and exercise.

During the past year, Sir Hermann Weber, M.D., who is eminent among British scientists, delivered a lecture before the Royal College of Physicians in London, in which he presented certain conclusions which he had reached as to the best means of producing healthful conditions

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and thereby extending the duration of life. Sir Hermann is a sprightly octogenarian. He is a member of several medical and scientific societies on the continent and in North America, and has given the laws of health special attention during his wonderfully successful professional career. Some points he made in his recent address are worth repeating: "After having carefully entered into the records of more than one hundred cases of very long lived persons, I have reason to say that by far the majority of them were temperate, were small meat eaters, lived much in the open air, and led an active life. Many of them lived a life of toil with great restrictions as to food and comforts, while most of them were early risers, and a great number of them had a joyful disposition and performed their work cheerfully.

"We must endeavor to produce a healthy state of the blood and to maintain the blood vessels and lymphatics in a sound and vigorous condition. Life, we may say, depends to a great extent on the state of the organs of circulation. If we review the different means in our power to prevent early decay and to keep the circulatory system in a healthy condition we find that the most efficacious are given by the different forms of exercise.

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"Walking is the most natural form of exercise. The action of the heart and the breathing are accelerated thereby and more blood is passed into the blood vessels, which are obliged to contract more frequently and carry it with greater energy to the different organs and tissues. At the same time, the number and depth of inspirations are increased, more oxygen is taken up and more carbonic acid is given out. Walking, however, does not only act directly on the heart, but by the action of the muscles of the legs more blood is attracted to them and all afferent vessels of the lower extremities carry away more blood from the heart, and the afferent vessels, the veins and lymphatics carry more blood back to the heart and force it to contract more energetically.

"Great moderation in the amount of food, especially of the most nourishing articles (flesh and pulses) ought to be practised by everybody, particularly by old people, and is a great aid to longevity. Almost all authorities are agreed on the subject that in old age the amount of food ought to be very limited. Dr. George Cheyne, for instance, says in one of his rules: 'The aged should lessen the quantity and lower the quality of their food gradually as they grow older, even before a manifest decay of appetite

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forces them to it.' An important subject constantly preached but almost as constantly neglected is thorough mastication. Many forms of indigestion, many states of imperfect nutrition, of the whole body, are caused by bolting the food. Nothing ought to be swallowed until it has been perfectly comminuted by mastication and by the admixture of saliva. Combined with the fault of bolting, is often that of washing down the food before it is properly masticated. This is likewise a grave mistake, committed frequently by great eaters and by those who take much fluid during meals, which is in itself a bad habit."

Dr. Weber says the idea that alcohol does for old people what milk does for children, is erroneous. He declares that it is not in any sense one of the agents that prolong human life. The main points of his advice are comprised in the following sentences:

Moderation in eating, drinking, and physical indulgence.

The keeping of every organ of the body, as far as possible, in constant working order.

Regular exercise every day, in all weathers, supplemented in many cases by breathing movements, and by walking and climbing tours.

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Going to bed early and rising early and restricting the hours of sleep to six or seven.

Daily baths or ablutions, according to individual conditions, cold or warm, or warm followed by cold.

Regular work and mental occupation.

The reader will be interested in the information that Dr. Weber, who is past eighty-two, and is one of the busiest men in his profession, finds recreation in the study of Greek numismatics, a branch of knowledge in which he is eminent.

If the average class of men and women who are approaching old age will make it part of their daily duty to observe the important rules of health given by Sir Hermann, they will have little difficulty in convicting the Psalmist of error when he limited human life to three-score and ten years.

It may be further said that the secret of living long lies in the attainment of a natural life to be brought to an end by natural death. And nearly every man, says Richard Anthony Proctor, did he but give his vital powers fair chance, would find that, like

> "The wonderful one-hoss shay,
> He was built in such a logical way,
> (As to run) a hundred years to a day,
> And then of a sudden (to pass away)."

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Speaking of the conditions for longevity and man's usefulness in old age, Dr. Harvey Washington Wiley, chief of the Government Bureau of Chemistry, has recently published what may be called an answer to the declaration of a former Johns Hopkins professor, that a man's value to his community or to the world ends at sixty. What the doctor says is well worth studying.

To live long, one must live moderately both as to eating and drinking. It is not necessary to be a prohibitionist, but one must not dissipate. Age hardens the veins. Tissue is not built up then as in youth. Starting with a strong, healthy body, and living temperately, the next requisite is work. Idlers rust out. Workers should exercise their talents in a way to prolong life, by following great endeavors by periods devoted to play. Recreation is an essential part of the recipe for old age. Amusement is as necessary as is sustained endeavor if one looks for mentality and health in old age. To achieve this desired end, science is working hard. It is exposing the "fake" medicines, which do harm and no good; it is discovering new means of preventing diseases and advanced methods of checking such ravages. Science is winning out against such scourges as

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diphtheria, consumption and contagious diseases. These scientific facts and developments give assurance that the average human life of usefulness will be increased to seventy years instead of forty, and that the maximum of ordinary activity will be increased from the present three-score years and ten to ninety years. Then there will be more examples of men who have lived properly who will reach a century of life. What used to be regarded as a generation was thirty-three and a third years, but now it is more than forty years.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

Conserving the Energies of Elderly People.

IT will surprise men of sober thought and understanding to learn that out of a male population of 38,800,000 in the United States in 1900, only 176,571 were eighty years old or over. These figures possess a peculiar significance. The fact that only one man in 220 becomes an octogenarian, is a strange commentary on our mode of life. By the same census it is also shown that only one man in 30,000 lives to be one hundred years old. Anyone can see that the proportion of octogenarians to the total population is remarkably small. Scientists are telling us that the age of threescore years and ten, or even four-score years, should be the rule, not the exception.

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The census of 1900 brought to light some valuable facts relating to the average age of our population. The average age at death of native whites of native parents, was thirty-six years; while that of foreign whites was a little over fifty-five. The average age of the population in 1900 was twenty-four among the native-born, and fifty among the foreign-born—a fact to which our native-born citizens can hardly point with pride.

There was a decrease of death rate in 1900 over 1890, among those of sixty years or under, but unfortunately an increase in the rate at each age above sixty years.

The special charge against a large majority of American people is that they not only bolt their food, but, as a rule, eat at the same meal too great a variety of foods which are incompatible. Practical people who have given dietetics a careful study will be inclined to admit that there is quite sufficient ground for the charge. While the desire to live long is as powerful an instinct in Americans as in any civilized nationality, we are far from living up to our duty regarding the observance of some of the rules which greatly assist in prolonging human life.

But if one reads Sir Henry Thompson's book on *Food and Feeding*—a London publication—

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he will get the impression that Americans are not sinners above all others of the English-speaking tongue in respect to "mis-feeding." And the fact is significant that Dr. John M. French recently contributed an article to *The Medical Examiner* in which he says that there are ten times as large a proportion of centenarians in the United States as in England.

Notwithstanding the rush and hurry of American life, an encouraging fact remains, that the interest in attaining a useful longevity is wider spread than ever before. In very recent years the question has received the attention of the ablest specialists in the land, and by their contributions to the leading periodicals, in which they give the results of close study and thorough experiments, they have rendered a valuable service to the reading public.

John Madison Taylor, M.D., of Philadelphia who, for sixteen years was assistant to the distinguished Dr. Silas Weir Mitchell, has written three valuable articles on "The Conservation of Energy in those of Advancing Years." Limited space prevents me from quoting from Dr. Taylor as freely as I should like; but I am glad to believe that the extracts I am able to give will serve a good purpose. Those who desire to obtain a fuller and a more satisfactory under-

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standing of the doctor's views and suggestions respecting the question of longevity, can find the articles in the 64th volume of *The Popular Science Monthly* (1904). He suggests in a practical way how anyone may earn, what he terms a postponement of the "evil day," which is not always ill-health, but many times an incapacity to enjoy life as old age comes on. The doctor says:

"The study of the conditions and changes in the tissues of human beings as they pass beyond middle age, would seem at first sight to be of widespread interest. Upon the simplest presentation of the matter it will be universally admitted to be of the greatest importance." He then says that the first principle of economics is not so much what we win in any line of industry, but what we save. In making an application of this principle to the art of living, he suggests that perhaps the most important quality, mental or physical, which conditions the attainment of enjoyment of advancing years, "is a serene mental view; a capacity for deliberate enjoyment of whatever betides. In short, a cheerful temperament is as good as an insurance policy; indeed far better." But the doctor adds: "Much might be said along this line of prevention of death by prolongation of life,

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but it has been presented to every one of us many times in endless guises and from divers sources. The difficulties are that we fail to realize the practical applicability of the oft-reiterated truths which become trite and wearisome and yet are of golden quality and unspeakable value.

"Old people are sensitive to cold because their surface resistance is lowered and their heat-producing powers are waning. The tendency shown by many to stay indoors and keep themselves over-protected and over-clothed is a grave error. This habit should be overcome gradually but firmly, and they should be in the open air as much as possible, the clothing used being sufficient, but never too much. This is particularly true of underwear, which should be light and porous, preferably linen next to the skin, which can be supplemented by extra woolen underwear placed over this to vary with the conditions of the temperature. Outings are essential to encourage free oxygenation through the lungs and skin. Chill of surface is much more likely to follow exertion where too much or too heavy underwear is used, and the results are far more serious than if there is too little."

There are two other paragraphs which must be quoted from Dr. Taylor because they touch

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upon vital points relative to the conserving of our energies in old age:

"As the effects of age come on it is the part of wisdom to omit the use of stimulating articles of diet to which we accustomed ourselves in youth and adult life. As the period of old age is reached, by which is meant about seventy, the regimen should be markedly simplified and always taken with the greatest deliberation. A general rule is recognized to obtain in most cases, that the more nearly the diet is reduced to bread and milk and fruits, the longer will the persons live and enjoy good health. It must be borne in mind, however, that exceptions will occur, and where the strength is being rapidly lost from any cause, it is wise to increase the variety until the strength is restored to the normal for the age reached. It is almost a working axiom in the achievement of long life that the less we eat and the less variety of foods are eaten, the better. Exceptions will arise; sometimes follies may be committed by carrying these thoughts too far. But in the main it cannot be gainsaid, and a great many of conspicuous illustrative instances can be pointed out, that as a working equation, the least should be eaten compatible with existence, to secure the greatest amount of continued health. . . .

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A choice of vegetables and semi-animal foods are preferable to red meats.

"Temperance in food and drink is an essential condition of the best results. Regularity of conduct is important both in bodily habits and the daily routine of labor and pleasure. Open air is the *sine qua non* of longevity. It is obvious that the healthier and happier old people, are those who are reasonably active. My experience justifies the conviction that where activities have been encouraged, always with full estimation of the limiting conditions present, improvement results. To utilize the young morning hours is best for all, particularly for the aged. Much sleep is not needed for them, unless they crave for it. Dozing during the day is salutary, but long night sleep is not necessary as a rule."

Dr. Taylor emphasizes the importance of the strengthening of the will in carrying out whatever is useful in promoting health, and in checking the craving for stimulants, anodynes, and other injurious agencies.

An incident apropos of the advantage of elderly people conserving their energies, is recorded in the life of the late Senator Justin S. Morrill of Vermont. The story is told that one day he was accosted by a friend with this

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question: "How is it, Senator, that you at eighty-eight or eighty-nine, are hale and hearty, while I, at seventy-six, am a cripple, full of rheumatism and all manner of aches and pains and general disabilities?" "Why," said Senator Morrill, "I can't account for it unless it is that I am drawing dividends and you are paying assessments."

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

How to Live the Simple Life.

ANOTHER distinguished physician to come to the relief of that large class of aged persons who ought to be interested in the question, "How to live the simple life," is Roger S. Tracy, M.D., formerly Registrar of Records of the Department of Health of New York City, and author of several works on sanitary subjects. As a prelude to an excellent article on longevity, he says:

"There seems to be a consensus among comparative physiologists that the limit of human life should not be less than a hundred years, and some have fixed it at one hundred and twenty years. Why, then, do so few reach that limit, which is supposed to be a minimum and

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not a maximum? Why do we fall so far short of a normal life? Whose fault is it, our own or somebody else's? Does this minimum of one hundred years imply conditions that can never be met? Does it apply merely to theoretical man, who never existed excepting in the scientific imagination, or does it lie within the compass of every human being who starts right, and lives right up to the very end?"

Dr. Tracy does not go so far as to make direct answers to all of these questions, but he offers some important suggestions which cannot fail to be of profit to those who may have a desire to study how to live long and to enlarge their capacity for usefulness while passing through the period of old age. To all such right-minded persons I heartily commend his article, which is published in the February number of *The Century Magazine,* 1904.

Speaking of the weakening of the physical energies and the clogging of the entire machinery of the body during advanced life, Dr. Tracy says:

"Exactly what may bring about this clogging of the organism, is not known, but that it is hastened by an over-supply of food and drink is certain. In early life the system is vigorous enough to rid itself of this surplus, but with

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advancing years there is more and more difficulty in disposing of it. Unfortunately, most persons do not recognize the slow waning of their powers in this respect until it is forced upon their consciousness in such a manner that it cannot possibly be ignored. They go on eating and drinking just as much, and of the same articles as they did twenty years before, without regard to consequences. This course of living gradually leads to a general enfeeblement of the body, and at the age of forty-five, or thereabout, the man begins, in various ways, to be disagreeably reminded that something is wrong with him. His appetite, as he says, goes back on him; he is troubled with constipation; he does not see as well as he did. So, after a year or two of wondering and grumbling, he begins to fear that he is breaking up, that something serious is the matter, and he either consults a physician or betakes himself to tablets, pills, and pick-me-ups, in the hope that his troubles may, after all, be only transitory.

"Now these questions suggest themselves: What is a proper diet and what is moderation? How shall one know what to eat and how much he shall eat? It is not surprising that in our present highly artificial mode of life these ques-

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tions should be to most persons very perplexing; yet the answer lies not far from the surface."

Dr. Tracy prescribes no special diet. He has no fads. He contends for rational eating and drinking. He illustrates the danger to longevity of careless over-feeding. "Fortunately," he says, "as we have a guide within ourselves as to the quality of our food, so we have also one to indicate the quantity. When we need food there will be hunger; and when hunger is satisfied all excess is not only waste and refuse, but positively injurious. We all eat too much.

"This restriction in the amount of food is not a hardship. It does not involve self-denial when one is used to it. On the contrary, to eat too little at one meal as to be hungry at the next, affords the greatest satisfaction. Hunger will be ever the best sauce, and he who can always sit down to a meal with a ravenous appetite, and rise from it with his brain so clear and his circulation so free that he can work or play immediately without discomfort, experiences one of the highest joys of life.

"No one was ever sorry for having voluntarily eaten too little, while millions every day repent having eaten too much. It is said that the great lesson homeopathy taught the world

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was this: That whereas physicians had been in the habit of giving the patient the largest dose he could stand, they have been led to see that their purpose was better subserved by giving him the smallest dose that would produce the desired effect. And so it is with food. Instead of eating, as most people unfortunately do, as much as they can, they should eat the smallest amount that will keep them in good health.

"Moderation in diet has more to do with prolonging human life than any other one thing. A proper dietetic regimen, once attained, brings all the rest in its train. Sleep, exercise, cleanliness, equanimity of spirit, all hang upon it. Life is not only prolonged, but is constantly enjoyed, most of its minor annoyances vanishing when digestion is perfect. Pay no attention to fads. They give rise to too much introspection, and that is bad for everyone."

Christoph Wilhelm Rufeland, a celebrated German physician, who died in 1836, has often been quoted as saying:

"In general we find that those men who were not too nice or particular in their food, but who live sparingly, attained to the greatest age. It is, at any rate, certain that the prolongation of life does not so much depend on the quality as

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on the quantity of our nourishment, and the instance of Cornaro affords an astonishing proof how far a man of weakly constitution may thereby prolong his existence."

If the readers of this volume, who are on the downward path of increasing years, desire to live the simple life and escape an untimely enfeeblement of mind and body, they will receive much assistance by studying the articles written by Drs. Taylor and Tracy. In them will be found a true "guide, philosopher, and friend."

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CHAPTER XXIX.

The Beatitude of Old Age.

A FEW days before John Greenleaf Whittier celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday, in December, 1891, the New York *Tribune* said:

"One day this week a young gentleman in Amesbury, Mass., known and loved by a great many thousands who never grasped his hand or looked into his eyes, will pass his eighty-fifth birthday. Young, because whatever may have happened to his physical powers in all these crowded and eventful years, he has carried with him through all of them that abounding love for humanity, and for all his fellow-men, that keeps the spirit always young, always in touch with to-day. Gentleman, because in more than sixty years of service to the thinking, reading

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world, he has said no word that was not helpful, hopeful, full of that gentleness and tenderness which, outside of all creeds and beliefs and theologies, attracts to-day the loving reverence of mankind for the 'First True Gentleman.'

"To grow old gracefully, to keep with us, spite of disappointments and bereavements and losses and increasing physical ills, the youthful spirit, the charm and sweetness of a gentle temper and unselfish soul, that indeed is a beatitude; one of the greatest; to be crowned by the last of all: 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,' 'for their works do follow them.' It is such a graceful drawing to a close of a long and useful life that the attention of the English-speaking world will be drawn to this week by the occurrence of the eighty-fifth birthday of the Quaker poet."

The friends of the beloved Quaker poet hoped that the wish expressed in Oliver Wendell Holmes' lines might be realized:

> "What story is this of the year of his birth?
> Let him live to a hundred, we want him on earth."

But this was not to be, and Whittier was translated nine months after his eighty-fifth birthday.

Emerson had no sympathy with the creed of the street, which says: "While old age is not

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disgraceful, it is immensely disadvantageous." He knew the value of experience which comes of a life of many years. "Life and art are cumulative, and he who has accomplished something in any department alone deserves to be heard on that subject."

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale took up the duties of Chaplain of the United States Senate in 1903, when he was eighty-two years old. But the pleasantness of mirth and the gentle light of humor still form a large portion of his daily life. A few months after his removal to Washington he was in Senator Hoar's committee room and, looking upon the portraits of the Senators, he said to the clerk:

"I thought that the Senators were all old men."

"Well," said the clerk, "some of them are pretty old, are they not?"

"Old?" said Dr. Hale; "I should think not. There's Senator Pettus of Alabama, who is eighty-three and who has reached the age of discretion, but the rest are young fellows, so far as I can see."

Most of these "young fellows" to whom Dr. Hale referred, were seventy or over. Their lives were indeed a beatitude. In conversation, in general bearing, in youthfulness of spirit, in

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activity in attending to the affairs of state, they showed no signs of increasing age.

To persons of clean lives and active minds old age is one of the beatitudes.

What made Mrs. George Henry Gilbert's old age a beatitude? Here is the answer to the question. One month before her sudden death, in December, 1904, at the age of eighty-three, a writer in *The Outlook* had a conversation with her, in which she said:

"I am very happy, and I have only gratitude for my life, for the kindness of everyone. I think I am the most fortunate woman in the world. It is strange, but my husband and children seem so near to me. They appear to be so very close. Do I think, that when I am put down there (pointing to the ground), that is the end of me? No, indeed; I know better. What is the yearning we have here (putting her hand on her heart) that makes us sure there is something to come, that makes us say our prayers, that helps us try to be good?"

The Rev. Dr. Edward D. Morris of Columbus, Ohio, is a stalwart gentleman of eighty-one. For thirty years he was professor of theology in Lane Seminary, Cincinnati. His hopefulness and happiness have not been buried in old age. When the doctor was seventy years old

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he wrote a poem, entitled "Three-score and Ten," which reflects his glad hope and serene mind at that time. I can give only five stanzas:

The best of living is the last,
And life seems sweetest at its close;
And something richer than the past
These days disclose.

I mourn not now the silver hair,
The trembling hand, the failing power,
As here I wait and calmly dare
The coming hour.

* * * * *

And even when I sorrow most,
Yet happy are the tears I shed,
And bright the memories of the lost:
The precious dead.

* * * * *

Alone, but not alone, I stand;
Around, above, a Power divine
Is shining, and a heavenly Hand
Is touching mine.

* * * * *

And so, reclining on the slope
Of life, apart from busy men,
I firmly grasp this larger hope—
Three score and ten!

Another beautiful illustration of longevity as a beatitude, is the life of that distinguished philanthropist, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts of London. It is not extravagant to say that she is one of the most extraordinary women of the

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age. It was not her wealth nor her political influence that raised her to the British peerage, an honor never before bestowed upon a woman. It was her lofty character, her bountiful benefactions among the poor that bestowed upon her the title of Right Honorable, and also gave her the freedom of the cities of London and Edinburgh.

The Baroness is directress in some twenty large organizations and associations, and her personal influence is felt in every direction to a degree almost as great as half a century ago. Although she is in her ninety-first year, her mental vitality and physical vigor and activity in Church and philanthropic work are retained in a remarkable manner. She was never more lovely in mind and heart than since she became a nonagenarian.

Of course her wealth and fame and social standing brought her many wooers in her younger womanhood, but when she married she married for love, and in 1881, when sixty-seven years old, she became the wife of an American, Mr. William Ashmead-Bartlett of Philadelphia, who is thirty-two years her junior. A royal license was obtained in England that he might assume her name.

There are many refreshing instances of

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blessedness filling the lives of those who have left more than eighty years behind them. We see ideal old age in Julia Ward Howe (now eighty-six), the philanthropist and poet, who gave us the immortal song, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"; and in the versatile Adelene D. T. Whitney, whose books have carried delight and profit to many thousands of homes.

Beautiful is the life of Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, the last survivor of the original Beecher family. She is eighty-three and still retains her charming philanthropic spirit and has lost none of her old-time interest in the movement "to emancipate woman from unjust laws." Mrs. Frances Jane C. Van Alstyne (Fanny Crosby), whose gospel songs have been sung the world over, is eighty-five years of age. Although she does not remember ever to have seen the light of day, her mind is in perfect peace, and she is still reaping in joy the fruits of a song-inspired life.

Time has not squeezed all the enjoyment and blessedness out of the life of Judge Charles Field of Athol, Massachusetts. He has lived to pass his ninetieth birthday, and he still presides in the court almost every day. Many a man has died old at sixty or seventy, but at ninety Judge Field is still harnessed for life's

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work, is full of vigor and mental strength, and is the oldest judge in the United States who exercises full judicial functions. His explanation why he is able to accomplish so much work in extreme age is common to almost every octogenarian and nonagenarian: "He has lived frugally, which means rationally, and worked constantly when he was not at play."

There are thousands of men and women whose names are rarely ever seen in the public prints whose lives have been clean and fruitful, and who, in their own modest way, have wisely worked out the problem of making old age a beatitude. To them belongs even higher honor of dignifying and beautifying longevity, than to those whose calling and environments have kept them constantly before the public eye.

A case in point is that of Mr. and Mrs. John Lowe of Laurel, Jones County, Mississippi. The husband is ninety-five and the wife ninety-six. The measure of their married life is seventy-seven years, and during all that time they have lived on one farm. It is said that thirteen of their children are living, and also sixty-two grandchildren, one hundred and twenty-three great-grandchildren, and nine great-great-grandchildren.

Neither Mr. Lowe nor his wife are old

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enough to be called old fogies. He still takes delight in hunting, and is counted one of the best marksmen in the county. Both are in excellent health at the time I write, and because of their plain, sensible way of living they are "as happy as the day is long."

A perfectly contented mind and a beautiful faith was exemplified in the life of the late Samuel Wescott of Toledo, Iowa. The length of his days was one hundred and two years. A distinguished physician once told Richard Anthony Proctor that in all his practice he never knew of but one person who died a natural death. But the end came to Mr. Wescott in a natural manner. He was taken to the polls on the eighth of November, 1904, and the following day the end came as peacefully as if he were passing into pleasant sleep.

Happy is that man or woman who can say, with George Macdonald, that the sweetness of life does not belong to the young alone, and that old age is not all decay.

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CHAPTER XXX.

Old Age and the King of Terrors.

WILLIAM C. GRAY, LL.D., editor of *The Interior,* Chicago, from whose Camp-Fire Musings I have previously quoted, was a man of splendid powers. By his manner of life he demonstrated as fully as any person possibly could how wisely and naturally old age can be taken on, and how easily the crown can be torn from the brow of the King of Terrors.

Once I spent an hour with Dr. Gray, only a few months before he closed the affairs of this life. He knew on that bright summer morning that he was marked for an early calling home. But he chatted as cheerfully and as amusingly as though his successful life might be prolonged indefinitely. He was a brave soul. He not

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so much as cast a hint in any manner that an incurable ailment held mastery over him, or that he should soon bid farewell to *The Interior* and its thousands of readers with whom he had been so pleasantly associated for thirty years. In the Thirty-first Musing, written at eventide, he leaves this message for the consolation of the living:

"A woodsman brought us a present of a little fawn. We cared for it tenderly, but to-day I found it sleeping, and when I thought to waken it, it slept on. Its slender limbs were cold, and I sought to warm them. Placing my hand to its side, its little heart was fluttering like a bird. Its sleep was deep and painless. Why, even this child of the forest, nameless, aimless, with no higher object in living than to live, is so cared for that its life goes out in peaceful repose.

"Is this what men call the King of Terrors? Is this drifting away that which men look forward to with dread? For indeed, it shall come to us in no other way than it came to this innocent fawn—a fluttering heart, benumbed limbs, fading light, voices, however near, seeming to come from afar, and at last silence and perfect repose. We need not regard death as a personage of much consequence. Who is he? No-

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body but the Lord's liveried servant standing at the door to swing it open. There is no more reason why we should fear him than his prototype at the door of the home of a friend. There we do not think of the usher. We see the light in the broad windows, forms behind the lace curtains, and catch a strain of music, a whiff of flowers, and hear the continuous sound of many voices, and we feel by anticipation the clasp of greeting, and see smiling faces of welcome. What has the black-plumed porter to do with us but open the door? . . . .

"The habit of regarding one's self as young becomes a fixed habit, and it continues until rudely broken by some irresistible evidence that it has outlasted its time. But the conviction once admitted to its place, one becomes accustomed to the new situation, and begins to enjoy the prerogatives of old age. There is usually, strange to say, greater confidence in the stability and security of life than when young. This comes of experience. The aging person sees his kindred passing away one by one, his old acquaintances going or gone—and he unconsciously loses the instinctive sense of personal danger. He acquires a feeling of exemption from the common fate. Possibly this is providential preparation, so that our last

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years may not be marred by fear of that which is inevitable and not distant—that clouds and premature darkness and chilly and dismal rains may not overshadow our setting sun. This freedom from care about death is not the result of an intellectual condition, but only a placid habit of mind. . . . Very few people, as they come near the change, experience any fear of it. Death is a process of nature, and is gradual, gentle, and painless."

No moralist, whether in ancient or modern times, has dwelt more beautifully, or with more common sense on old age than Cicero. He did not live to be an old man, having been taken off by Mark Antony's soldiers in December, 43 B. C. But as the great orator approached his sixtieth year he discussed the subject of old age and death very gracefully in one of his Dialogues. I can find space only for a brief quotation:

"Spring represents the time of youth and gives promise of the future fruits; the remaining seasons are intended for plucking and gathering in those fruits. Now the harvest of old age, as I have often said, is the recollection and abundance of blessings previously secured. In truth everything that happens agreeably to nature is to be reckoned among blessings. And

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what is more agreeable to nature as for an old man to die? Old men die as the exhausted fire goes out, spontaneously, without the exertion of any force; a state which to me indeed is so delightful that the nearer I approach to death, I seem as it were to be getting in sight of land, and at length after a long voyage to be just coming into harbor."

Schiller says that death must be a blessing because it is universal. This is the rational view of it. Dr. Samuel Johnson lived in mortal dread of dying, but when he lay on his deathbed in 1784, at the age of seventy-five, his hypochondria, which had bothered him all his life, vanished. The King of Terrors was only a phantom, and the great lexicographer, essayist, and poet, fell asleep like a tired child.

There is much beauty in the sentiment on death expressed by Henry Ward Beecher after he had become what the world calls an old man. Death had no terrors for him, and once he said:

"When I die, do not place crepe—the emblem of gloom—on the house, but rather hang a basket of flowers at the door as an emblem that a soul has passed from death unto life." And again he said: "To me the gate to the grave is the pearly gate. Death, to me, is no slamming door of darkness, behind which sprites gibber

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to frighten men. I abhor all the monuments which represent grief as a child of midnight nursed by sorrows that the night breeds. Dying is translation."

There is a picture of the character of L. Allen Gilbert's "Vanity," which, viewed at a distance of three or four yards, has a frightful face, livid and ghastly. But there is a hideous fascination about it that impresses the beholder and draws him closer to it. On approaching the picture, the hideousness disappears, and the face, which at a long view was repulsive, is found to be the face of an angel. It is a picture of death, and the purpose of the artist was to impress the idea that the terror of death is an apprehension.

Death may not be pleasant in prospect but it should afford us much peace of mind to know that in reality dying has no sting. Physicians who have seen many persons pass out of life, have testified that while some of them have been violently opposed to dying, they never saw one who was afraid of death in the sense of terror or apprehension.

From a practical point of view we find that death is analogous to sleep. Just as one who is tired by the burden and heat of the day quietly falls asleep at evening time, so one whose life's

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work is well done and whose condition otherwise is normal, peacefully passes into sleep at the close of his earthly day. Among the last words spoken by Frances E. Willard were these: "How beautiful to be with God." And it is recorded that a distinguished physician, when on his deathbed, calmly whispered: "I wish I could hold a pen and write down what a delightful thing it is to die." It is said that it was never intended that a natural death in old age should be anything but peaceful.

That noted English dramatic writer, William Mountford, is beautifully quaint in expressing his view of old age and death. He calls the years of old age, stalls in the cathedral of life in which aged persons can sit and listen and be patient till the service is over, and in which they may get themselves ready to say "Amen," at the last, with all their hearts and souls and strength.

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ADDENDUM.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

Advanced Life and the Food Question.

HE proper study of mankind is what to eat and how to eat it. This is not precisely what Pope said, but the sentence as written is nevertheless correct.

We eat to live, and what we digest is of more consequence than what we eat. The Bible says, "The life of the flesh is in the blood." Good blood cannot be made without good digestion. Therefore the question of wholesome food and careful feeding is of the highest consequence to persons of all ages, but vitally so to those who have reached the period at which old age is commonly supposed to begin.

While the misuse of foods seems to be on the increase in the United States, we are told that

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the science of foods and eating has of late years been considerably advanced through researches made not merely into the compositions of foods, but also concerning the amount of food required to produce a given amount of energy and working power.

The wisest and oldest physicians in this country are vigorously preaching the gospel of common sense in its relation to eating and drinking. The chapters in this volume which have to do with "How to Live the Simple Life," "The Conservation of Energy in those of Advancing Years," and so on, sharply suggest the practical character of the work being done by these apostles of right living to advance the general health and well beiug of the people.

The digestive organs make up the most wonderful of all wonder-working machines. The stomach, in particular, is remarkable in its construction. It has a hard task to perform and is long-suffering. But there is a limit to its endurance of abuse. The common stomach complaint which causes so much anxiety and distress is not a disease. It is only a loud cry against loading it to its fullest capacity with ill-assorted and poorly masticated foods. It has been said that three-fourths of all the poor health in the world is due, directly or indirect-

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ly, to the failure of the digestive organs properly to dispose of the food eaten.

Mr. George P. Brett, President of the Macmillan Company, New York, says: "Indeed so great are these evils of over-feeding and especially the over-indulgence in our modern city life that I have heard an educated and illustrious foreigner, who frequently visits our country, refer to it as the land of carrion and cathartics."

My own experience in this matter may be of some value to others. For a long time I was tormented by what seemed to be stomach indigestion. I used box after box of digestive remedies purchased at drugstores, but relief was only partial, and I kept on eating various foods without an intelligent understanding of their proper relation to each other, or how digestion of different kinds of food was accomplished, and of course the distress was not permanently removed. Finally I consulted my physician, Walter Kempster, M.D., who pronounced my ailment intestinal indigestion. He explained the matter to me, prescribed a simple remedy, and told me to beware of foods which contained a large proportion of starch.

This incident was one of the important turning points in my life. I began to read

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up on foods and digestion. Special attention was given to age in its relation to diet. My mode of eating and drinking was greatly changed. The regimen was simplified and mastication was thorough. Meats were excluded from my dietary, and drinking during meals was abandoned. And from that time to the present there has not been the slightest recurrence of indigestion in any form.

Sir Thomas Lauder Brunton, the eminent British physiologist, once asked: "Why has America the best dentists?" He answered the question himself by saying: "Because it has the best roller mills; and the better the mills the finer the flour; and the finer the flour the worse the teeth. Hence, the best dentists." And someone suggests that Sir Thomas may have truthfully added: "And finer the flour the more dyspeptics." But it is not so much the fineness of the flour that causes the trouble, as its misuse.

The question of food and digestion as they relate to people of advancing years is of supreme importance. From the many persons named in this volume, and also from the careful investigations by physiologists and scientists in America and Great Britain, it is absolutely certain that while a good supply of food is es-

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sential during the period of growth and middle life, a diminished supply, as Sir Henry Thompson says, is desirable in relation to health and prolongation of life during the declining years when physical exertion is small, and the digestive faculty sometimes becomes less powerful also. The system of supporting aged persons, as it is termed, with increased quantities of food and stimulants, is an error of cardinal importance. The elderly man who desires to preserve fair health and to attain to longevity should gradually diminish his use of strong nitrogenous and much fatty food.

It may be best to remark right here, that Hutchinson, and other able physiologists, say that women require less food than men, for their bodies are not only as a rule of less weight, but are relatively richer in fat and poorer in muscle than those of men.

We, who are facing the setting sun, need to know more fully concerning the influence of various forms of food on growth and recuperative powers. We ought to be practical in the choice of foods, never fussy nor over-nice. Our appetites, providing they have no bad propensities, should guide us in the matter of eating. There is plenty of time before us so that we can afford to let the teeth and mouth do their full

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share of the digestive work. And unless we are equipped with good digestive powers and appetites which will not get the better of our judgment, there is danger of over-feeding. Sidney Smith once wrote to Lord Murray: "If you wish anything like happiness in the fifth act of life, eat and drink about one-half of what you could eat and drink"; and this creed is well worth taking into our lives.

There is another matter relative to old age and diet which is of vital concern. The rule is that leanness and longevity go together. This is a law of nature to which there are comparatively few exceptions. "The typical man of eighty or ninety years," says Sir Henry Thompson, "still retaining a respectable amount of energy of body and mind, is lean and spare, and lives on slender rations. A man of advanced years who is growing thin has little hope of remedying his leanness by diet or patent preparations.

I count myself qualified to speak from personal experience on this point. Within the past six years physical misfortunes from which there seems to be little hope of a permanent recovery, have reduced my weight from one hundred and fifty-three pounds to one hundred and twenty-five pounds. No part of this loss can be re-

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stored to me by fattening foods or flesh-forming emulsions or tablets. But as I approach threescore and ten, and better comprehend the simple life and what not to eat, and how not to worry, I wouldn't give a nickel a pound for any flesh which, by any artificial means, could be added to my slender body.

Mrs. Ellen Henrietta Richards, instructor in sanitary chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is one of the ablest physiological chemists in this country. In her special line she has done excellent work for the United States Government, and is the author of several works on the subject of foods. When I wrote her for an opinion as to what food was best adapted to persons of advancing years, she said:

"*Massachusetts Institute of Technology,*

"Boston, October 20, 1904.

"My dear Col. Smith:

"There is no such thing as a definite dietary for any ten persons, let alone one thousand. What is one man's meat is another's poison.

"Our only test is in the result, and one may eat food prepared in a certain way with satisfaction, while another will not eat it and will not thrive on it.

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"The simplest way is by expulsion of hearty dishes, of hearty meats, and of puddings and pastry, of strong acids like vinegar, of many kinds of food at one meal. See to it that whatever food is used it will be well-cooked and simple, that is not many ingredients in one dish but well flavored; that the quantity is not large at any one meal, and that the meals are frequent if it suits. ELLEN H. RICHARDS."

In regard to the matter of two or three meals a day, Wilbur Olin Atwater, professor of chemistry in Wesleyan University, and special agent in charge of the nutrition investigation made by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, says:

"The best physiological evidence implies that moderate quantities of food taken at moderate intervals, are more easily and completely digested by ordinary people, than larger quantities taken at longer intervals. If the same amount of food is to be eaten it is hard to see the advantage of two hearty meals over three ordinary meals."

To eat rationally and obtain the best results possible from what we eat, it is important that we should understand the classes into which nature has divided the various foods. A simple statement respecting these divisions will no

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doubt be helpful to practical people who desire to get the most good from the food they use.

There are three principal classes of foods—proteids, carbohydrates, and fats. Proteids—which are also designated as proteinous, albuminous, and nitrogenous foods—include the lean of meats, the white of eggs, nuts, the curd of milk, and the gluten of bread. They are also found in large proportion in fish, game, peas, beans, lentils, and in cereals and a few vegetables.

The proteids are the most important of all food compounds, because they make blood, muscle, nerve, bone, and renew the waste which is continually going on in the body. They possess a function which cannot be performed by any other foods. Only on them can the health, mental and physical vigor be permanently maintained.

It should be borne in mind that the stomach is capable of digesting only meats, and animal foods, such as eggs, milk, and cheese. It has little or no power over the starches, sugar, and fats; and as our daily food is largely composed of the latter class, it is said that the stomach plays only a small part in digestion. And yet it is one of the most abused organs of the body.

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Carbohydrates embrace the sugars, the starches found in abundance in bread, potatoes, rice, sago, tapioca, the various cereals, honey, syrups; and in a moderate quantity in fruits and vegetables. These are valuable foods in that they supply the body with heat and energy, and are also transformed into fat. While the proteids may furnish a certain amount of heat, the carbohydrates, which are burned in the body, cannot make muscle, bone, nor repair waste tissues. Just as coal generates steam for the locomotive, the carbohydrates produce heat and power for the human body.

It should be understood that all starchy foods are digested by the pancreatic juice and the small intestines; but practically, the digestion begins in the mouth, and for that reason they should be completely masticated. I emphasize this fact because very many of the troubles arising from indigestion are intestinal, and these can be avoided by simply masticating thoroughly all farinaceous or starchy foods, such as rice, potatoes, sago, bread, and so on, and placing an hygienic limit as to their use.

Fats do not make blood, bone, nor muscle, but form fatty tissues and serve to develop some heat the same as starches, and like them and a limited portion of the proteids, they are burned

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in the body. The fats are digested by the bile, aided to some extent by the pancreatic juice.

To attempt to state definitely what proportion of proteids, fats, and carbohydrates should form a dietary for everybody would be foolish for the reason that a combination of foods that would agree with one person might disagree with another. However, physiologists have ascertained by repeated and thorough experiments that as a rule the food should consist of from fifteen to twenty per cent. of proteids and from sixty to seventy-five per cent. of carbohydrates.

Dr. Hutchinson, an eminent English authority, believes that the proportion of animal foods (meat, eggs, milk, fish, game, etc.), to vegetable products, should not be more than one part of the former to three of the latter, for persons approaching old age. But he suggests that even this proportion be gradually reduced in favor of carbohydrates.

It is an established fact that during the latter third of a person's life the softer foods such as fruit, well cooked cereals, light mixed animal and vegetable soups, and poultry and fish, are particularly valuable and appropriate.

But after all, there is much truth in the saying that every man must learn from his own experience what food agrees with him and what

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does not. Hard and fast rules cannot be laid down for universal adoption. However, some statements of a common sense character can be given which will appeal, I believe, to every man and woman who wishes to obtain the best results from diet during the period of advancing age.

It stands to reason that every one should eat slowly, masticate the food so completely that it will be reduced to a liquid before it is swallowed. Eat too little rather than too much. Do not drink liquids of any kind during the process of eating.

The highest authorities in medicine, physiology, and science say that meats—red meat in particular—should be used sparingly, or what is better, should be eliminated from the dietary of the aged. The reason for this is that meat is too hearty a food, having little or no carbohydrates. There are many satisfactory and valuable substitutes for meats at reasonable prices in nuts, and various compounds of nuts and milk. There are also excellent soup stocks made from vegetables and nuts.

Physiological chemistry assures us that legumes—peas, beans, and lentils, when dried and well cooked—are more nutritious than beef. The white of eggs contains seventy-eight per cent. of water and twenty per cent. of proteid,

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and the yolk fifty-two per cent. of water, sixteen of proteid, and thirty per cent. of fat. It will be seen, therefore, that eggs are almost a perfect food; and when they are soft-boiled, or soft-scrambled, or used raw in warm milk, are not difficult to digest.

Wheat is called the king of grains and its bread the staff of life. The explanation of this is that wheat is said to supply nearly every element required for the development of the human body. For this reason the bread question is of paramount importance to persons whether young or old.

Chemical experiments made by the United States Agricultural Department relative to the nutritive value and digestibility of the various breads in common use show that the digestibility of white bread averages 93.37 per cent.; whole wheat bread 91.50 per cent.; and graham bread 86.94 per cent. Experiments also reveal the fact that bread eaten with milk has its digestibility increased about fifteen per cent.

Professor Atwater gives the nutritive value of white bread at 9.2 per cent and whole wheat at 9.7, while the same flour transformed into breakfast food has a nutritive value of 12.1 per cent.

It is conceded by all physiologists and hygien-

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ists that the starch of toast is more readily digested than the starch of bread, which accounts for the fact that zwieback—bread twice baked—holds such a high place in the dietary of those who require a palatable and an easily digested form of bread. Bread, raised with yeast, is far more healthful and digestible when stale, than when fresh; and whole wheat bread is more laxative than the white.

In many matters pertaining to diet every person who is reasonably well informed touching the principles of hygiene, and is captain of his palate, must be a law unto himself. It must be stated, however, that there are some commandments which ought not to be broken.

Vegetables and fruit should not be eaten at the same meal. They are incompatible and usually cause indigestion.

It is not rational to use nuts in "topping off" a meal at which meat is eaten, because they are a highly concentrated food, and therefore are too hearty for such a purpose. The nourishing value of many nuts is much greater than any kind of meat.

Use as few fried foods as possible. In most cases they are an abomination. The frying-pan, as too often employed, is a menace to family health.

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A liberal quantity of fruit, either fresh or stewed, and not too acid, should be eaten at breakfast and supper, preferably, of course, at the beginning of the meal—with whole wheat or brown bread—for the plain reason that the lighter and more easily digested foods should first enter the stomach. A few writers on cookery have the peculiar notion that fruit should come last at a meal, but they do not explain why.

Beware of sour pickles and strong condiments, such as spices, mustard, and vinegar. There is no health in them.

Never add sugar to milk or cream in eating cereal foods. To disobey this injunction is to waste good material and cause more or less fermentation in the stomach.

Do not drench the stomach with hot or very cold drinks at meal time as they retard digestion. Washing down food with any kind of drink is pernicious.

The drinking of tea and coffee should be done sparingly, and never while eating. There is no food element in these drinks. Analyses show that whatever of nutrients may be found in the genuine or cereal coffee grain, they disappear almost entirely in the beverage. There is no doubt that it would be far better for the digestion and nervous system of most persons well

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advanced in life, if milk in some form, or the better grades of cereal compounds, were used as a substitute for genuine tea and coffee.

Our diet should be as simple as possible, yet wholesome. We should not eat much fat. That which is found in nuts and butter and cream, is abundant. Rich food in the form of pies and cakes, should be avoided. There is no food value in them, but much harm.

Elderly persons—or persons irrespective of age—for that matter—who are constipated, should strictly observe certain rules pertaining to diet and drink. Laxatives or cathartics cannot alone cure constipation. Unless disease has attacked the bowels—and this does not frequently occur—food, water, and exercise will effect a cure in almost every case. For years I was afflicted with habitual constipation which was unusually severe. Pills, massage, enema, and all other so-called constipation cures were of no avail, except to afford temporary relief.

When heavily burdened by the ill-effects and obstinacy of my trouble, and almost disheartened, I began to "read up" on foods and drinks as they relate to constipation, and the result was hardly less than marvellous. In the course of two months I was cured, and I think I can confidently say that the cure is permanent.

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I began by drinking two glasses of water, of moderate temperature, half an hour before breakfast, two in the middle of the forenoon, and two in the afternoon. For breakfast, I ate plenty of stewed fruit—usually prunes—with whole wheat or Boston brown bread, followed by one of the easily digested and nourishing cereals. Supper was much the same except that occasionally I added a soft boiled or scrambled egg. For dinner, I used vegetable soup, a few nuts, but chiefly nut compounds—of which there are several valuable ones—and these took the place of meat. I ate very few potatoes for the reason that they contain much starch. I made a pretty free use of succulent vegetables, but taking only one kind at a meal. Whole wheat or coarse brown bread was used, and pastry discarded. The food was masticated to a liquid. In the meantime I gradually reduced the quantity of laxatives, and in eight weeks was able to discontinue their use altogether.

I still continue the simple, but nourishing diet, and, in yielding real enjoyment, every meal is as good as a feast.

Eminent physiologists agree that the following foods should be used for the relief of constipation, especially when the trouble is associated with advancing years: Coarse brown or

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whole wheat bread, shredded wheat, toasted wheat or corn flakes; fresh green vegetables—particularly spinach, Spanish onions, asparagus, lettuce, rhubarb; prunes, figs, apples, peaches, berries; buttermilk, applecider; honey; English walnuts and almonds. Water should be used in abundance, but not during a meal.

Foods to be avoided in cases of constipation are: Hearty meats, eggs—specifically, if hard boiled or fried; milk; pastry and puddings made of starchy foods, as rice, sago, and tapioca; fried foods and rich gravies; cheese; fresh white bread; pickles and other strong condiments; and tea.

During the past few years an amazing variety of prepared breakfast foods has been thrown on the market. Some of them are compounds and others consist of the pure grains. As these cereal foods occupy an important place in the dietary of many people, a table giving the chief component parts of some which are best known, with a comparison of their food value with that of beef, will be of interest. These analyses were made at the United States Experiment Station of the Iowa College, and by Professor Atwater, to whose work for the Department of Agriculture, I have already referred:

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AVERAGE COMPOSITION OF SOME COMMON FOODS.

	Water.	Proteid.	Fat.	Carbohydrates.
Porterhouse steak...	52.4	19.1	17.9	——
Sirloin steak.....	54.0	16.5	16.1	——
Round steak.....	62.5	19.2	9.2	——
Granose flakes.....	5.84	13.64	1.65	72.73
Malta Vita.....	4.78	13.20	1.60	73.17
Wheat breakfast food	9.6	12.1	1.8	75.1
Oat breakfast food...	7.7	16.7	7.3	66.2
Corn meal.....	12.5	9.2	1.9	75.4
Force	5.57	12.20	.87	75.72
Vim	7.23	14.91	1.75	70.07
Egg-O-See	6.56	12.32	1.29	74.51
Grape-Nuts	3.06	12.63	.85	79.23
Granola	5.63	14.56	.96	75.75
Malt breakfast food..	8.95	16.14	1.44	69.03
Shredded whole wheat	6.26	16.27	1.43	70.98
Apitezo	2.82	21.10	.28	71.99

This table shows that most of these grain foods contain a very satisfactory nutritive value as compared with beef. The foods also afford a pleasing variety in our dietary system, and usually contain more available nutriment and energy than the same wheat or other grains, made into bread.

Thus, in a brief space, I have given the basic principles of hygienic living for those who have left the greater part of the expectation of life behind them. It is for them to decide whether or not their lives shall be guided by these principles.

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Shall those of us who are nearing the ripeness of age think more of preserving the soundness of our digestive organs, than of the vulgar business of pleasing the palate? Shall we strive to possess an intelligent understanding of the nature and use of foods which are most serviceable in maintaining mental and physical activity? Can we determine "not to touch, taste, or handle either food or drink that will prove injurious to the perfect circulation of the blood?" Can we add to these virtues contented, busy, hopeful lives? If we do these things, then much will be done to prolong our days beyond the limit which the Psalmist says constitutes the natural age of man.

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